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Buying Off Franco

The British and French governments are now having the opportunity to test their comfortable theory that once Franco had conquered Spain, they could bring him under their influence because of his need for loans. First, apparently, they asked him to send the Italian troops home in exchange for recognition. He refused. Then they tried to obtain a promise from him that as a condition for Loyalist surrender he would forgo political reprisals. This concession was asked not because Chamberlain and Daladier have compassion for the Loyalists, but merely to stave off unpleasant criticism from their opposition if Franco should bathe Spain in the blood of his victims and spot it with concentration camps after he is recognized. Again Franco refused. In spite of his failure even to save their faces, Britain and France seem to have decided to recognize him anyway. Can it be true that Franco is shrewd enough to know that he need not accept the first offer of the appeasers? At any rate, there is now talk of a conference in Italy, with Hitler, Mussolini and Franco meeting to plan future international Fascist policy. And why not? Extortion is the game that has been successfully played by the two elder dictators; Franco would be a fool if he did not see that those who threaten Britain come off better than those who accept her protection.

The Chamberlain Slant

To read editorials in the foreign news of any newspaper doesn't surprise us any more. To a certain extent they are unavoidable, since a foreign correspondent must not only report facts but interpret trends and risk predictions. His dispatches are of course colored by his opinions. We do not complain that The New York Times published a merely biased dispatch by Jules Sauerwein, the foreign editor of the Paris-Soir. Our complaint is that Mr. Sauerwein is biased so strongly and so far to the Right that he misrepresents the facts and his opinions are crazy. We think The Times ought to be a little more careful about whom it gets to guess for it. This dispatch, of February 15, begins: "In a few more days the Spanish Civil War may be expected to end in a complete victory for General Franco." Mention is made of "200,000 demoralized soldiers still obeying orders from Madrid." But other dispatches agree that there are 500,000 with excellent morale.

This is only one example of the way the American, French and British press is handling the news about the Spanish war. The British and French governments are trying as hard as they possibly can to get the Loyalists to surrender, and one of their methods is to fill the papers with one kind of news and keep another kind out. The newspapers are kindly coöperating; they print dozens of stories that assume it is all over but the screaming of the victims. Stories about the Negrín government and its new organization for resistance are simply not used. The best of the correspondents with the Loyalists—Herbert Matthews, James Minifie and Richard Mowrer—are being withdrawn or transferred to other assignments. Very few if any correspondents have been sent to Madrid. Reporting of the refugees in

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France has dried up; we are being encouraged to forget their sufferings. That is exactly what Chamberlain wants us to do.

It's Dumb Not to Be Thrifty

Without natural energy resources we should have to go back to human muscle and horseflesh. Mountains of gold would not recompense us for the loss of oil, coal, gas and water power. Yet immense wastes occur in the extraction and distribution of these resources. Long ago we heard about the billions of cubic feet of natural gas shot in the air from oil wells, the loss of oil pools in the ground because of unplanned overdrilling. Wastes in coal mining are also great, but have bothered us less because our coal is likely to hold out longer. Yet all these resources are exhaustible, while waterpower will continue as long as there is rainfall—if erosion is controlled. This fact of relative depletion is not considered in the costing practices that determine whether coal, oil or waterpower is used for a given purpose. At last the nation is making a feeble beginning at thinking of its energy resources as a whole and in the long view. The President has just transmitted to Congress a report on the subject by the Natural Resources Committee, to be used as a guide for legislation. We suggest giving Congress a week's vacation from cutting relief and squabbling about appointments "obnoxious" under "senatorial courtesy" to read this report and make plans to do something about it.

Truthful Thomas

Before a Senate committee a few days ago, Mr. Thomas R. Amlie, nominated to be Interstate Commerce Commissioner, admitted to a great skepticism about the future of capitalism. His senatorial listeners watched him with shocked faces. As experienced men, they themselves had precisely the same skepticism; what shocked them was the fact that Mr. Amlie had the courage and candor to say what was in him. So far in his career, Mr. Amlie's role has been that of Truth-teller in a morality play. Well above six feet tall, with immense shoulders and hands, a youngish man-mountain, he looks out on the world—as he did on his senatorial questioners—with placid, half-shut, almost sleepy-appearing eyes. Behind this vast, unmoving exterior, one of the nimblest minds in political life races through whole areas of thought between each heavy, unemphatic sentence. He is of Scandinavian ancestry, and the Scandinavian left-wing movement differs from all others in being compounded, eight parts out of eight, of hard, practical sense and realism, with just the merest pinch of emotionalism. Born in North Dakota, he served in the World War and afterwards settled down in Wisconsin, first at Beloit, later at Elkhorn. In Wisconsin were Messrs. Robert and Philip La Follette, very slightly older than he was, whom the nation considered hereditary leaders of a possible third-party movement. It was Mr. Amlie's function, through three terms in Congress, to tell the truth, or something close to it, both to third-party advocates and to the world in general. Had his advice been heeded, the disasters that befell the Progressive Party last November in Wisconsin might have been avoided; as for the world, perhaps nothing could have saved it.

William Green on the Warpath

The war-dance of the AF of L council for amendment of the Wagner Act—with the National Association of Manufacturers beating the drums—is looking a little bedraggled. William Green has been whooping it up for his amendments. But The Guild Reporter has collected the available evidence of labor support and finds it very meager; two state federations are on record supporting Green, one state federation executive council and three county bodies. The elected officials attacking the NLRA have been chiefly Green, Matthew Woll and William Hutcheson. Supporting the Wagner Act as it stands are three international conventions of AF of L unions, seven international presidents or official organs, three other international officers, three state federations and the official organs and officers of three more, twelve city and district central bodies and at least 300 letters and resolutions from AF of L local unions and their officials. Probably both of these lists are incomplete, but of course Green's campaign is more widely reported than the opposition to it.

If Mr. Green is not getting the enthusiastic support of the labor movement he can at least expect more friendly nods from business. At the end of the Miami meeting of the AF of L executive council he summed up its labors. Mr. Green said government spending wasn't the solution to the problem of unemployment, and that business confidence ought to be restored by the coöperation of government, labor and industry. This sounds pretty vague, but don't worry, Mr. Green. The NAM knows what you're trying to say.

Who Censored Hitler?

What did Hitler say on January 30 in his speech to the Reichstag? It was broadcast round the world and newspaper readers may think they got a pretty fair version of the message. But American and foreign correspondents either were given an incomplete text of the address or their cables were censored. Over the radio, important passages of the text were covered up by having an interpreter drown out Hitler's voice. Hitler spoke for home consumption only; there were several critical sentences that the outside world was not supposed to hear. The News Research Service of Los Angeles discovered the trick by making phonograph records of the original short-wave broadcast from Berlin and comparing the transcript with official releases. Most important of the deletions was Hitler's plain threat to confiscate Church property and jail Catholic

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priests. He said there would be no religious persecutions, but that the Church, after the German government, was the largest property-holder in the Reich; "I will not hesitate to make a sharp division between the State and the Church." Again he said, "*If* priests, instead of serving God, see their mission in slandering the present German government, its institutions and its leading heads, the National Socialist state will teach them without leniency that attempted destruction of this state will not be tolerated."

Bills, Bills, Bills

In the Ohio State Legislature, Representative Harry Dworkin, Republican, has sponsored a bill providing for movie censorship on grounds of obscenity, indecency, immorality or the tendency to corrupt morals or incite to crime. The Dworkin bill states specifically that no film or part thereof shall be rejected because of its political content. We upbraid Representative Dworkin for hoping that an Ohio board of censors, in a state with many powerful pressure-groups, would obey the proviso of his bill. Bitter experience in other states has shown how easy it is for the censors to find obscenity or immorality in the films they dislike on political grounds. But Representative Dworkin, unhappy man, is savagely attacked by the Cleveland Knights of Columbus on quite the opposite grounds. They have rolled out their biggest gun. Your bill, Mr. Dworkin, says the K of C, is "definitely a Communistic gesture."

Another bill before the Ohio legislature is against nudism "in the presence of two or more persons of the opposite sex," which brings up once more the woeful plight of boys with twin sisters, subject to arrest at birth. In the Washington State Senate, a bill has been introduced prohibiting "miscegenetic marriage between members of the white race and those of the black, brown or yellow races." Caucasians (to use the bill's language) steer clear of Ethiopians, Malayans and Mongolians! Or else (should the bill pass) be guilty of a gross misdemeanor.

The legislative committee of The New Republic is working on a little bill of its own. Of course, this is a very rough draft: It shall hereafter be illegal for state legislators to make fools of themselves on the floors of their houses or in committee rooms. Penalty for violations of this act shall be a fine of twenty-six boxes of election cigars or a year's complete silence, or both.

The Lonely Debate

Guy Hack, president of a UAW local, was elected to the board of directors of the Reo motor company, after his efforts of several years had convinced the company that they ought to have labor represented on the board. He says this won't affect his standing in the union, as he hasn't the power to hire and fire. The officers of the UAW expressed some doubt about the advisability of his staying in both jobs. When he argued with himself whether he should pay higher wages to the union, which of him would win?

News Notes of a Week

President Manuel Azaña of the Spanish Republic was reported to have refused to return to Madrid at the request of Premier Juan Negrín, and to be urging the Republic's surrender. . . . The newspapers in Franco's Spain sounded more like the Italian papers all the time. "France will be the victim of a new Munich in the spring." "Mussolini will 'settle' France." . . . Premier Bela Imredy of Hungary resigned because—he says—he discovered he was a Jew and therefore affected by the racial laws he himself had been promulgating. . . . At a parliamentary election in the Holderness division the Tory candidate nosed in by a vote of 17,742 as against 27,332 for the combined opposition. The trouble is that the opposition, instead of being combined, was divided among three candidates, all opposed to Chamberlain.

Charles Madden and Loren Houser, two of the international board members of the United Auto Workers who stuck with Homer Martin when he was removed from the union's leadership went over to the majority side. This leaves only three members of the old board still with Martin.

War This Spring?

ALARMIST reports from Europe have recently trickled into the news. Sir Willmot Lewis, Washington correspondent of The London Times, said in a radio broadcast that he had heard from usually well informed sources in London that Germany is beginning a new mobilization, which will be completed early in March. Mr. William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard papers, stated in a featured article that German business men in this country and Latin America had been warned by their connections in the Reich to be prepared for an international showdown this spring. Italy would press her Mediterranean claims against France, Germany her desired hegemony over Rumania and Hungary in preparation for an advance on the Ukraine, and Japan her demand for the maritime provinces of Siberia. While Mr. Simms did not vouch for the rumor, he reported that if this occurred, it would be accompanied by threats of force and another war scare.

President Roosevelt, off for his vacation to watch the Caribbean naval maneuvers, said he might be compelled to return early by the critical international situation. Correspondents from Asia write that Japan is rushing troops to the Manchukuo frontier, and the war party is pressing for immediate action against Russia, while the Japanese Diet adopts a belligerent attitude. Some light on the prospects may be thrown

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knowledge of the internal situation in the three aggressor nations. The article in this issue of The New Republic, "Inside Japan," indicates the discontent resulting from the economic hardships of the people. Japan is having more and more difficulty in mustering the purchasing power abroad necessary to obtain imports of raw materials. Italy is known to be in serious economic straits, and the strain of her war economy is at last beginning to tell on the patience of her people, disappointed in the results of the Ethiopian conquest. For the moment they are being cajoled by the glory of the victory in Spain, but no real alleviation of their burdens is likely to flow from this adventure. But it is in Germany, the leading member of the alliance, that the most significant facts appear. Without Germany's help Italy certainly would not attack France, and Japan would hesitate to attack the Soviet Union.

A letter to The London Economist (Jan. 28, 1939) from Mr. Thomas Balogh, a well informed authority, provides an illuminating summary of the status of the German economy. Ever since Hitler came to power, Germany has been spurring her output to build a war machine, calling upon reserves of unemployed men and capital to do so. By the middle of 1938 the reserves of labor and equipment came to an end. Schacht's financial miracles could do no more, because the physical plant had reached its peak. Any further increase in armaments must be paid for by more drastic reduction in the standard of living.

Instead of using its additional resources of gold, foreign currency and materials obtained by the Anschluss with Austria and by the victory of Munich to relieve the strain on the population, Germany has employed them in military purchases—the accumulation of excess stocks of raw materials and foodstuffs from abroad, the expansion of the army and air force, the two mobilizations and the new fortifications. The conquered reserves are approaching exhaustion, and therefore Germany will have to pay for her imports solely by exports. But her exports have dropped severely in recent months. Greater Germany now has a sizable foreign-trade deficit.

From other sources we learn that, in spite of long hours, labor productivity in Germany has sharply declined. The workers are going stale. After Munich, the population awoke to their narrow escape from a general war, and shuddered. Discontent is prevalent. It does not, of course, have any effective means of expression under the dictatorship, but further hardships, without new psychological compensation, can only spread and deepen it.

Opposite inferences as to future policy may be drawn from these facts. One is that the totalitarian powers, knowing their internal weakness, would not invite a general war in which, if it were long, defeat would be certain. The other is that since their preparation is [illegible] that of their probable enemies will now begin to decline, they will choose this time to strike.

Mr. Balogh inclines to the pessimistic view. The policy of increasing Germany's military striking power "to the utmost degree in the shortest possible time . . . even at the risk of serious social tension at home and some loss to the popularity of the regime" is, he says, "sinister, since it suggests a desire to solve external political 'problems' before any attempt is made to solve the domestic economic problems." The government could if it wished, he points out, increase the standard of living considerably by curtailing its armament. The Economist editorially supports this view. "All the evidence," it writes, "suggests that every industrial, financial and technical reserve is being depleted for one gigantic effort. Germany's striking power is being deliberately raised to a peak which could not be excelled, and could hardly be maintained, in time of war itself. For what purpose?"

Prediction is dangerous, but we have a guess to offer. It has never been Hitler's intention to risk everything in a general war, at least not unless and until he was strong enough to be sure of winning it. He may just possibly believe that a general war could be won in a few weeks or months. But in any case he prefers to pick off his objectives one by one, and to deal with one enemy at a time. For this purpose it is useful to make his opponents believe that there is danger of war, and that he will not shrink from it if balked in his purposes. As long as Britain is in the appeasement mood, he will continue to press his advantage by the same methods which have already proved so miraculously successful in foreign policy. Another war scare would serve his purposes well. But it would be employed to gain political concessions rather than in a last and desperate effort to conquer by force of arms while there is still time.

Hitler, shrewd as he is, is no economist. The dismissal of Schacht indicates that quite possibly he believes Germany can go on with arms expansion and raise the standard of living at the same time. In a disordered mind like his, the main purposes are unalterably fixed; the economic and human material with which he has to deal is subordinate and must serve them. It is likely that he will not believe that Germany has reached a peak of internal strength and must hereafter decline. He will instead believe that another political victory will provide the resources necessary for still further advance. Therefore his calculations may not fix *der Tag* in the near future. The chances favor, we suspect, another widely advertised war crisis and another surrender by the western democracies rather than a surprise attack. If the democracies unexpectedly stand firm, Hitler may strike. But he would be as likely to bide his time.

If, however, Japan should decide to fight now or never for Siberia, that would be another story. For

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Will Britain Go Broke?

LONDON'S MONEYBAGS, according to Mr. Chamberlain, are Britain's most effective weapon when it comes to fighting Germany or wooing General Franco away from his Italian and German suitors. It is hardly cricket to add to the troubles of the Prime Minister, but it is time that Britishers bowled over a fast one and asked Mr. Chamberlain—what moneybags?

If the Prime Minister or anyone else doubts that Britain is in a bad way, it is only necessary to add up these facts: the gold holdings of the Bank of England have now sunk to $623,000,000, the lowest in seven years, and, at this writing, there is no assurance that they will not sink lower; the circulation of paper currency, less and less backed by gold as more metal is drained from the country, has now reached the highest point in British financial history; Britain's import surplus, larger than in the modern life of the Empire ($2,156,000,000 in 1937, $1,939,000,000 in 1938), is not balanced by sufficient income from foreign investments; unemployment, despite the artificial stimulus of rearmament, went above 2,000,000 in January for the first time in three years; the scarcity of gold has led to a contraction of internal credit and helped to restrict all phases of British economic life.

The political history of the decline of Britain since the World War can be largely written in terms of finance. After the War, Britain deliberately overvalued the pound. In order to keep it at the required parity the government was forced to pay out more and more of its gold reserves to buy up its own shaky currency in the international markets. It was believed that the budget had to be balanced, and in those days of a defeated, disarmed Germany and a peace-hungry world, the easiest item to slash was the money for armaments. Thus her stubborn defense of the overvalued pound resulted indirectly in the weakening of Britain's armed forces and the loss of her dominant role in world affairs.

By 1931 the drain of gold to support the pound was enough to cause a crisis. Britain at last was forced to abandon the gold standard and allow the pound sterling to find its own level on the market. For official purposes, however, the gold in the Bank of England was still valued at its old parity of 85 shillings per ounce. Under ordinary circumstances, Britain might have been able to stage a comeback, but the years from 1931 on have been no ordinary ones. In 1933 the United States was forced to devalue the dollar, placing it at an advantage over the pound, and the flow of British gold into the United States was accelerated. Then by 1936 an aggressive, rearming Germany was forcing Britain to spend more and more for guns. Finally, in September of 1936, Britain was forced to take another step in defense of her sterling—she initiated the Tripartite Agreement with France and the United States, setting up the Exchange Stabilization Fund, to which each nation agreed to contribute money to support the currency of the others.

This arrangement might have been enough to strengthen Britain to the point where she could buy back some of her needed gold. But about a year later Mr. Chamberlain stepped into the picture as Prime Minister. From then on the flow of British gold abroad can be written in terms of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy. Every time the world's No. 1 Appeaser made a stumbling step toward compromise with the dictators, a jittery investing public sold British securities and increased the drain of gold to the United States; sterling continued to fall and the British government was forced to spend more gold to keep it from collapsing altogether. The flow of gold to the United States at the time of the Czech crisis is illustrative: before the September troubles, British gold had been shipped to the United States in "normal" amounts of around $50,000,000 a month. In September this jumped to $377,894,000, in October to $443,403,000. During the time Mr. Chamberlain has been Britain's top man, over $2,000,000,000 of Britain's private and government-held gold has been lost. Since 1929, the total British gold sold to the United States has been over $3,000,000,000. That is more than even Britain can stand.

The first sign that Britain was financially weak came two months ago, when the government quietly transferred one lump of $1,750,000,000 in gold from the Bank of England to the Stabilization Fund in order to bolster the weakened sterling. This transaction, amounting to 60 percent of the gold in the Bank (if valued at the 85-shilling parity), left the Bank in its weakest position since 1931. The second indication of Britain's weakness came during the second week in January. Unobtrusively, the government asked Parliament for the right to revalue its gold in the Bank at the current market price each week. Since Britain left the gold standard, its gold officially has been kept at 85 shillings per ounce. Actually, sterling has been selling on the open market at around 148 shillings, thanks to the Stabilization Fund. By writing up the Bank's remaining $632,000,000 to the 148-shilling price, the government will thus make a bookkeeping profit of $473,000,000. For the present, this will be sufficient to pay immediate rearmament bills and stave off a crisis at the Bank.

How long this artificial security will last depends on Mr. Chamberlain's next moves in the international field. Britain, financially, is not able to stand many more political shocks. If Mr. Chamberlain persists in strengthening the dictators at the expense of Britain, British gold will continue to pour from the country. If he persists to the extent of bringing Britain to the verge of a financial crack-up, he may be forced into the most world-shaking measure yet undertaken by a British Prime Minister—devaluation of gold and a policy of inflation

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Such a course is filled with startling importance for the United States, because Washington is officially committed to devaluing the dollar along with the pound, in order to keep the dollar's present advantage. France and the smaller nations would have no choice but to follow and the international race to depreciate currencies would be on. In Washington, it is no secret that Britain is pinched, and pinched hard. When Britain decides to devalue her gold, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau will act with as much haste and as little publicity as possible in "lending" Britain a sizable amount of gold if Britain requests it.

So far, neither measure has been necessary. But under the Tripartite Agreement, Britain is at liberty to change her financial course on twenty-four hours' notice. When it happens, it will happen quickly.

A Test for the Good Neighbor

DELICATE NEGOTIATIONS, it is said, are now going on behind the scenes among Mexico, the United States and the big oil interests. The outcome of this controversy is of critical importance for the "good neighbor policy" in Latin America in general, and more specifically, for the question whether we are to have on our southern boundary a democratic friend or a state under the influence of fascist Italy and Germany.

Though the issues are complicated in detail, they are simple in outline. Mexico had a popular revolution and in 1917 adopted a constitution declaring that the subsoil rights to petroleum and other minerals belong to the nation. There followed a good deal of trouble between the big oil companies and the various Mexican governments, but through it all the companies continued to possess and operate the wells. The present government is one strongly under the influence of progressive labor. The oil workers were organized and in 1936 presented a series of demands to their employers. Failing to obtain an agreement, they struck. The strike was soon called off, while the dispute was, under Mexican law, submitted to a governmental tribunal. Its award, made after expert investigation of the companies' financial position, was favorable to the workers' claims. The companies asked the Mexican Supreme Court for an injunction against the award, but the Court sustained it. The companies still refused to obey the law. Thereupon the government confiscated the surface properties of the oil interests, and, in partnership with the union, started to operate the wells.

The owners of the chief companies were the big American and British oil interests. In order to enforce the claim to what they believed was their property, they have, ever since the expropriation, boycotted Mexican oil. That means that its accustomed outlet in the United States and a large part of the rest of the world is cut off. But it is absolutely essential for Mexico to sell her oil, not only to maintain employment and support the existing meager standard of life, but to obtain the foreign exchange necessary to buy imports, and to substitute government revenue for the taxes lost when the wells were taken over.

Mexico therefore was obliged to turn to the only remaining markets—Germany and Italy. Germany seized the opportunity to force upon her the usual barter arrangement, paying for the oil in marks good only for purchases of German exports. American sales to Mexico have correspondingly fallen off. Mexico is accused in large sections of the American press of succumbing to German influence—although all she has succumbed to so far is the obduracy of the big oil interests in America and Britain.

There is a fascist movement in Mexico—one opposed to the present government. Mexico is suffering severely from the depressing effect of the boycott, and the fascists are making the most of the resulting unrest. This, combined with the increasing German trade, may in time turn Mexico into totalitarian channels.

The Mexican government, while proudly maintaining its sovereign rights, is ready to grant a reasonable compensation, paid in instalments over a long series of years, for the oil companies' property. They, however, are reported to be holding out for a large cash payment, impossible of transfer, as an alternative to the return of the industry. It is even said that they refuse to admit the right of the Mexican people to the subsoil wealth of their country. The United States government of course dislikes the German penetration of Mexico, but is subjected to strong pressure from the oil companies. Meanwhile the oil interests are carrying on a bitter anti-Mexican propaganda.

The question for the American people is whether they will support this financial imperialism and thus help force the Mexican republic into the arms of their enemies and those of democracy.

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Is the Wagner Act One-Sided?

A YEAR AGO in these pages, I quoted a remark Maury Maverick had made to me, that the National Labor Relations Board was facing the "dirtiest outstanding meanest low-down crooked conspiracy in the United States." Anyone who has been able, in the time that has elapsed, to get behind the barrage of lies and the perversions of Board policies in the press and on the air, to an examination of what the Board was really doing, can testify that Maverick was guilty of understatement. The smear campaign of misrepresentation and distortion of the Board's work is another link in the chain of evidence being forged by students of capitalist society to prove the tie-up that exists between big money and the "lords of the press." Unfortunately, there still remain too many people who think that they find in their newspapers "all the news that's fit to print." Secretary Ickes told them some fundamental truths in his debate with Frank Gannett some weeks ago; if they learned nothing then, they have only to reflect a moment on press coverage of the achievements of the Board.

Have you learned from your newspaper that in the first three years of the Board's work, it has averted several hundred strikes, settled hundreds more and obtained voluntary compliance with the law in thousands of cases? Do you know that the accounts you have read in your newspaper of Board action pertained, in the main, to *only five percent* of the total number of cases handled by the Board in its first three years of activity —cases in which resort was had to formal hearings, reports, decisions and orders?

The cases you don't read about, because your newspaper doesn't print them, represent 95 percent of all the cases—all settled without formal procedure. Now, at last, you can get a complete picture of the activities of the Board in the book by Professor Brooks of Williams College, who has just published the first full-length study of the National Labor Relations Act and its administration.[1] Brooks starts out with five sample cases. The first is one in which the Board dismissed the charges brought by the union against the employer (16 percent were of this type); the second is a case in which the union, after conference with the employer and the Board representative, withdrew its charge against the employer (24 percent were of this type); the next two are examples of "adjusted cases," in which a settlement is arrived at after conference among union, employer and Board agent (55 percent were of this type). Informal settlement thus marked 95 percent of the Board's cases—machinery was here provided for the successful handling of thousands of the complicated problems of industrial relationship. The fifth case is a sample of the five percent that make the headlines—the type in which formal Board action is necessary because the employer persists in his determination to resist the principle of collective bargaining, and to violate the law deliberately.

What is difficult for any fair-minded person to figuse out after reading this true account of the Board at work is who is most despicable: the anti-union employers behind the campaign who issue syrupy statements about their belief in collective bargaining and at the same time stop at nothing—even murder—to prevent their workers from getting it; or the reactionary politicians and labor fakers who mouth the lies about the Act and the Board and offer amendments to destroy their effectiveness; or the lackeys of the press who give such wide publicity to the attackers, embellish the theme with their own distortions, and either bury praise of the Board on page 32 or delete it completely.

How much truth is there in the oft-repeated charge that the Act is "one-sided," that it gives everything to the employees and ties the hands of the employers completely? It is an important and little-known fact that the Act restricts employers' conduct in only one respect—where it is in conflict with the workers' right of self-organization and collective bargaining. The employer still dominates his employees in every other way. He can still discriminate against any of his workers, cut wages, introduce the speed-up, extend the working day, shut down the plant and move to another city—do any or all of these things for any reason, *except* anti-unionism. The Act does not regulate the whole field of employer-worker relationships. It does nothing more or less than give to workers legal protection of their right to self-organization and collective bargaining.

But hadn't workers in the United States had that right for many years? Yes and no. Yes, because they couldn't legally be thrown into jail for having joined a union. The law said that workers could join unions of their own. No, because the law also said that employers could discharge them for joining. On several occasions the courts even encouraged workers to unionize —by explaining in so many words that singly they were helpless, that only through organization could they deal on an equality with their employers. On other occasions the courts encouraged employers to smash the unions—by pointing out that there was nothing in law to stop them from using spies or intimidation or discharge to prevent workers from organizing

[1] Unions of Their Own Choosing, by Robert R. R. Brooks. New

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effect the courts said to workers: You have the right to organize, but when that right is interfered with, don't look to the law for protection. The Wagner Act, by making it an unfair labor practice for employers to interfere with their employees' right to self-organization, gave legal protection to the workers *for the first time.*

Does this mean, as has so often been charged, that the law is overbalanced on the side of the workers? Should the Act be amended to equalize the treatment accorded to employee and employer? Indeed it should —but that would not mean the kind of equalization that the proponents of the amendment have suggested. Quite the contrary. *Making the law equal would mean putting more teeth in it, not less.* Consider the difference in treatment accorded to a worker who violates the law and an employer who runs afoul of the Act. Chairman Madden made the distinction clear in an address at the 1937 convention of the AF of L. If a dispute arose and the employers were dealt with in the same way that labor is mishandled, then the police would first inquire into who caused the trouble, and concluding that it was the employer's fault, would "back the police wagon up to his office and push him in, lock him up in a dirty jail and charge him with vagrancy or being a suspicious person, set his bail or fine so high that he could not meet it, and leave him."

If, on the other hand, a worker in violation of the law were to be given the same mild treatment accorded to the employer, then this is what would happen: . . . "If Picket, a union man on strike, violated the law, the employer would file a charge in our regional office, perhaps some hundreds of miles away. Our office would write a letter or telephone politely to Picket and ask him for his side of the story. An investigator would go out as soon as convenient and attempt to ascertain the true facts. If the investigation indicated that the employer's charge against Picket was apparently well founded and if Picket indicated that he was unwilling to bring himself into compliance with the law, a formal complaint would be issued against Picket, giving him not less than five days' notice that a hearing would be held before a Trial Examiner to be sent from Washington. The hearing would proceed and in due time the Trial Examiner would make an intermediate report. If he thought Picket had violated the law, he would recommend that Picket 'cease and desist' from further violations, and post a notice that he would sin no more. If Picket followed this recommendation, that would be the end of the proceeding. If, however, Picket was recalcitrant, the entire record of the hearing would be forwarded to the Board in Washington, which, after studying it, might make an order similar to the Trial Examiner's recommendation. This order would be served upon Picket with a request that he inform the Board within a specified reasonable time what steps he [illegible] with the Board's order. If Picket expressly or by silence gave the Board to understand that he didn't intend to comply with the Board's order at all, then the Board would file a petition in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and have the record printed, and file briefs and make oral arguments when the Picket case had its turn on the docket. The three judges of that court would deliberate, and if they concluded that the Board's order was supported by evidence and well founded in law, they would enter a decree that Picket should comply with the Board's order. Then, after all these months, Picket would for the first time face the alternative of obeying the law or going to jail."

It is quite evident from this comparison that it is the workers, not the employers, who carry the greater legal burden. That should be kept in mind when there is any further clamor for "equality."

The Act was designed to bring peace in the industrial field. Has it done so? The answer to such trick questions as "Why hasn't the Board stopped strikes?" is simple. It has. Where it hasn't, those employers who ask the questions can find the answer in their own anti-union practices.

The AF of L has proposed an amendment which would make it obligatory on the Board, in effect, to fix the collective-bargaining unit as the craft unit. This is suggested because of the Board's alleged CIO bias. What are the facts? Professor Brooks gives the figures for the vital cases on the question of the determination of the appropriate unit (*e. g.*, Allis-Chalmers case): "Of these forty-eight cases, twenty-four were clearly settled in favor of the AF of L, nineteen were clearly settled in favor of the CIO, and five cases were compromised, but with the AF of L receiving a slight advantage in four instances."

The author ascribes the bitterness of the AF of L against the Board to the fact that in the first 208 election contests involving both the CIO and the AF of L, the former won 77 percent, the latter only 23 percent. But since this is a reflection of the will of the voters and not of Board bias, he shrewdly observes that "such bitterness is, in some respects, comparable to an attack on the use of voting machines because they record the victory of the party with the largest number of votes."

Should employers be allowed to request the Board to hold an election? Is the Board, as Mark Sullivan charged on January 26, 1939, "earnestly upholding sitdown strikes in some cases"? Does the Board act like "a French Revolutionary tribunal"? What is the record of the Board in the courts? Does the Board combine under one head the functions of judge, prosecutor and jury? (It should be noted that the employers who are so outraged at this have never had difficulty in swallowing their rage when the judge who granted their injunctions sat as judge, prosecutor and jury.) Should

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an amendment be passed prohibiting "coercion from any source," *i. e.*, from unionists? Should there be judicial review of findings of fact? The answers to all these questions and more are found in this, the definitive work on the NLRB. Up-to-the-minute answers, I might add, since there is a full discussion of the Consolidated Edison case which was decided by the Supreme Court only two months ago.

Professor Brooks has wisely included the complete text of the Act, which should be required reading for everybody who speaks or writes a line about the Board. Careful study of this book is the most effective antidote to the anti-NLRB poison which has been spread throughout the country the past few years. Now you can protect yourself against the plague.

LEO HUBERMAN

Inside Japan

TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT of the Japanese army, the capture of Hankow and Canton, after sixteen months of war, failed to jack up the nation's flagging war spirit. Despite the efforts of hundreds of newsmen, photographers, special broadcasters, novelists, poets and painters dispatched to the fronts to record the triumphal entry of the Mikado's forces into the two cities, there was no genuine public jubilation over the "victories." The Japanese people are sick of the war.

Japan badly needs peace. But there is no reason to think that she will get it for some time. China, determined and able to fight on for years, took the fall of Hankow and Canton as the signal for the second phase of the war—a campaign of attrition—which will prove more exhausting to Japan than her last twenty months of conquest. The Japanese army must continue to fight. From now on there will be few chances for Japanese "victories" which the press can play up at home. Chinese military leaders have officially abandoned positional warfare in favor of nationwide guerilla, hit-and-run attacks, the kind of fighting the Japanese soldiers fear most. The war, which the army "sold" to the Japanese people on the assurance that it would be nothing more than a comparatively easy, three-month romp through China's northern provinces, is now well into its second year and the end is nowhere in sight. Time is on China's side.

Faced with the demand that they make more and more sacrifices, the Japanese people are cautiously attempting to make their real feelings known. The great sufferers are the peasant and fisher folk of the backward northern district of Japan, who get none of the war-boom wages and must pay exorbitant prices for their manufactured articles, many of which are now made of substitute materials. The extreme poverty of these regions has forced thousands of peasants to sell their daughters to the Yoshiwara quarters of the large cities, where an attractive girl-child of thirteen or fourteen brings 200 to 300 yen ($54 to $81), often enough to keep the whole family supplied with rice for a year. Last year three times the usual number of little girls were sold. Many of them have been organized into Japanese troops in areas where Chinese women are not too plentiful.

The underfed, overworked Japanese peasant has always been an easy mark for tuberculosis, but this year, because the largest and best part of the nation's food supply has gone to the army, epidemics of trachoma, cholera, Weil's disease (akin to typhoid) and tuberculosis are running through the rural population.

The only workers to get immediate benefit from the war are the munitions workers. Public resentment against the way these workers were spending their money on the geishas and the juju girls recently moved Asahi, Japan's largest newspaper, to conduct a survey of armament workers. Their high wages, Asahi found, were not going to the geishas but were being invested in government banks—where they went right out to help pay for the $4,000,000-a-day war. Nevertheless, Japan's Minister of Finance gloomily admitted a few weeks ago that the registered geisha girls, who are paid by the hour, had been employed twice as much in 1938 as in 1937. These amusements and all others the government wants to curtail, for the whole nation must save to make the "spiritual mobilization" campaign effective.

The chief target of most Japanese complaints is the National Mobilization Law, most sections of which are now in effect, allowing the government to regiment the production and consumption of the nation to its own desires. Under this law the import of raw materials necessary for commercial production—leather, wool, iron, rubber, etc.—is prohibited in order to save foreign exchange for the purchase of war materials. As a result, the industries engaged in making peacetime products have had to shut down or curtail operations. One of the largest was the Fukusuke Hosiery Manufacturing Company, which had to throw its 5,000 employees out of work. It is estimated that when all the reserve stocks of raw materials for peacetime goods are used up, 1,300,000 workers will be out of jobs. About half of these can be assimilated into munitions and wartime industry, but seven or eight hundred thousand will still be unemployed. With their families, there will be two or three millions without income.

By the end of 1938 over 15,000 people had been

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cluded not only small shopkeepers and dissatisfied consumers but directors of large industrial concerns and some government officials, who were convicted of taking bribes from business men anxious to avoid the restrictions. The citizens of Tokyo recently determined to buy up all the genuine materials in the stores before the flood of substitute goods was put on the counters, and crowded the stores far into the evening. A section of the Act was imposed which required shopkeepers to close for the day at 10 P.M. For a few nights they obeyed. Then, forced by public pressure to continue selling, they devised a means to beat the law. They closed for the day exactly at 10 P.M.—but reopened for the next day at one minute after midnight. The government soon clamped on an airtight regulation and Tokyo's late shopping came to an end.

Ever since the arrests of over 1,300 liberal professors, writers and labor leaders in December, 1937, and February, 1938, for having spread "anti-war" thoughts, the Japanese people have been careful to keep their "dangerous thoughts" to themselves. But political dissension and anti-war sentiment, driven underground, is increasing in intensity.

Letters from Japan, found on the bodies of Japanese dead and prisoners in China, rail against rising hours and prices, lower wages and the growing lack of necessities at home. Soldiers' diaries discovered hidden in their blood-stained uniforms reveal the same disgust. The anti-war feeling among the Japanese soldiery has led to frequent desertions. Officers of the 101st and 103d Divisions at Shanghai were court-martialed for their outspoken anti-war sentiments. A wholesale desertion took place not long ago above Nanking. Soldiers of the 111th Division revolted and refused to go to the front. Recently, in Suiyuan Province, several groups of Japanese troops made their way to Chinese lines, but one unlucky detachment, headed for Shensi Province to surrender to the Chinese Eighth Route Army (formerly the Red Army), bumped into Mongol cavalry from Mongokuo, another of Japan's puppet states. The deserters were arrested and sent back to the Japanese headquarters for "correction." The most recent desertion took place near Taokow, the rail terminal in north Honan Province, where a unit of Japan's Manchukuan troops (Manchurian conscripts with Japanese officers) mutinied, killed 100 Japanese and set off to join the Chinese guerillas.

A revealing incident has recently come to light. A lone Chinese, one of a "doomed battalion" who stayed behind when the Japanese swarmed into Tsiyuan in northern Honan, was surrounded by Japanese troops. He spurned a Japanese request to surrender and managed to kill eight of his opponents before he was wounded and captured. Impressed by his bravery, the Japanese offered to make him a prisoner—an unusual refused and requested that he be killed. He was. The Japanese dug a grave for this nameless hero, erected a wooden cross and wrote on it: "Here lies a Chinese Unknown Hero. Erected by the Japanese Kanishi Regiment."

Inside Japan the anti-war activities of the laboring groups have taken a more militant form. A widespread series of strikes and protests by the mine workers of the Japanese territory of Formosa was quickly smashed by the police. Word recently sent from Japan is that during the first half of 1938 alone more than 35,000 workers took part in 593 strikes, 120 of which the workers won by gaining concessions regarding working conditions, but most of which were suppressed. All these strikes are directly concerned with wage increases, shorter hours and better conditions of work, but indirectly they are a criticism of the army campaign in China. The most spectacular and bloodiest outburst against the war took place a year ago on the wharves of Kobe, where dockers and laborers, backed by hundreds of Kobe citizens, took to the streets with placards demanding, "Stop the War with China." Scores of heads were cracked before the police got the situation in hand.

The police have been unable to stamp out increasing sabotage by Japanese factory workers. Militant pacifists have burned scores of valuable gasoline dumps belonging to the army. Hundreds of liberal-minded Japanese have wormed their way into youth, trade and labor organizations where they are now secretly preaching opposition to the war. The government has been forced to ban more than 200 trade unions during the past year. Kagawa, the Christian labor organizer, is still working in his own quiet way, so far free from overt police interference.

A strict press censorship is maintained, but the papers sometimes get out of hand and slip in items unfavorable to the government. In the past year nineteen papers in Tokyo alone have been suppressed at one time or another. Strict watch is kept on all incoming vessels to prevent anti-war publications from entering Japan. Police ferret out all short-wave radio sets and jail or fine the owners. It is evident that, despite the loud claims of Japan's Special "Thought" Police, all Communist and Socialist activities have not been wiped out, that the whole nation is not marching firmly behind the army.

The first high official to voice his apprehension on this score was the Minister of Justice. Recently, with only Japanese newsmen as his listeners, he warned: "The entire Japanese nation, at the front and at home, must recognize its grave responsibilities and resolve to bear up under extreme difficulties. If this is not understood and appreciated properly, internal issues may ensue, bringing grumbling and internal general dissatisfaction. Serious efforts must be taken to guard against

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"Principles of Literary Criticism"

The Fifth of the "Books That Changed Our Minds"

I. A. RICHARDS published his "Principles of Literary Criticism" in 1924 as a volume in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. Here was no woolly transcendentalism, no chatter about truth and beauty and other "universals," but an attempt to examine the nature of literary value by first formulating a psychological theory of value and then examining the processes of literary appreciation in the light of that theory.

Everybody was impressed: even the very pure esthetes were awed though not convinced. The reviews, if often hostile, were nearly always respectful. Critics pointed out the limitations of Richards' psychological theory of value, the inability of the "scientific" method to probe into the mysteries of poetry, the undue confidence with which he tackled complex problems; but they admired the author's gallant attempt to think out again from the beginning the whole business of literary criticism. Richards himself called his book "a machine for thinking with," but his critics were inclined to credit him with a more comprehensive aim. As time went on, it became generally accepted among the older critics that Richards was "important" but of course mistaken, while the younger critics, especially those who had come, directly or at second hand, under Richards' influence at Cambridge, regarded his work as the most impressive single contribution to criticism of the century and set themselves to apply his method.

To understand the contemporary reception of the "Principles" we must know something about the state of criticism at the time when the book appeared. Nineteenth-century criticism had finally disposed of the Horatian conception that the function of literature is to put a sugar coating on the moral pill and so "teach delightfully," but no generally accepted alternative theory of literary value had been produced. There was any amount of vague transcendental talk by some quite eminent thinkers, but practical criticism tended to become more and more impressionist, more and more autobiographical and descriptive. The autobiographical tendency merged into the "art for art's sake" theory at the end of the century, and criticism as a normative activity, as an attempt to assess the worth of particular works with reference to some general view of the nature and function of literature, became increasingly rare.

As a reaction against the resulting confusion, there developed in the present century a search for a positive theory of value which would dispose alike of the impressionists and the hazy transcendentalists. The co- new science of psychology, gave impetus to this search. Attacks from the scientific point of view on the assumption that poetry is a mystical activity with no definable relation to other human activities became increasingly common. At the same time an attempt to ground literary criticism in ethics—*i. e.*, to restore in a changed and more satisfactory form the long discredited Horatian view—gained rapid ground, culminating in the "New Humanism." Thus the scientists and the moralists were engaged, each group in its own way, in a serious attempt to build up a positive theory of literary value.

The "Principles" came as a contribution from the side of science. As such it was suspect both to the ethical critics, who agreed with its aims but disagreed violently with its method, and to the impressionists, whom the book attacked both directly and indirectly. Both these groups criticized the book, and made endless wisecracks about it; but they took it seriously—so seriously that often their wisecracks sounded like attempts to laugh off what they felt unable to disprove. In addition, Richards' ruthless application of psychological theories in his investigation of value in human activity aroused the opposition of most traditionalists, who regarded the book much as contemporary theologians regarded "The Origin of Species." The interesting point is that both supporters and attackers agreed on the book's importance from the beginning.

There has been no substantial change in these views of the "Principles," except that both traditionalists and "new humanists" have dwindled in numbers, the latter with surprising rapidity. But of recent years a new school of critics has arisen—the Marxists or, more generally, the sociological critics. They have not challenged the importance of Richards' work, but, where they discuss it (which is unexpectedly seldom), they indicate that while true enough as far as it goes, it gives a false impression because of its incompleteness, presenting a part as the whole. The general reaction to Richards' work is that it commands high respect on all sides, though only a few critics—and chiefly those with a psychological training—are willing to accept it without reservations.

Before he can proceed with his positive contribution in the "Principles," Richards has to dispose of the greatest obstacle to a scientific treatment of his subject. And so he gives us a chapter on "the phantom esthetic state," where he dismisses the view held by so many romantic critics that there is a type of esthetic experience which is wholly unlike any other kind of ex-

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Literature must be put back on to the map of human activity before criticism can have anything profitable to say about it, and Richards essays this important task right away. He does his job in a negative way: he proves the complete unreality of the romantic "esthetic state," and with its disappearance literature and the other arts automatically take their place in the world of normal human experience. Anti-impressionists of various brands benefited by this clearing of the ground; in particular the Marxists owe a debt to Richards of which perhaps they are not aware.

But this dismissal of mystical absolutes is only the preliminary step in Richards' formulation of his view of literary value. He proceeds at once with his scientific attempt to base criticism on accurate *description*. Believing as he does that once critics concern themselves with describing the psychological processes that take place in both writer and reader a basis for indefinite progress has been laid, he shares the optimistic belief in progress that has been characteristic of scientists since the days of Francis Bacon. "It should be borne in mind," he says in his Preface, "that the knowledge which the men of A. D. 3000 will possess, if all goes well, may make all our esthetics, all our psychology, all our modern theory of value, look pitiful." Thus criticism is linked to those aspects of knowledge which advance with new discoveries, and the assumption is made that these discoveries will probably be constant and regular. The scientific nature of the endeavor is stressed; the aim is "to link even the commonplaces of criticism to a systematic exposition of psychology."

Psychology, then, is Richards' science. Qualities in objects are discussed not as independent facts, but in terms of their effects on persons who experience those objects. We may ask how Richards derives a theory of *value* from mere *description*, however accurate. Psychology is a descriptive and not a normative science. This problem is solved quite simply by assessing value strictly in terms of *function*. "Anything is valuable that satisfies an appetency," and the most valuable psychological state is that which involves the satisfaction of the greatest number of appetencies consistent with the least number of frustrations of other appetencies. A subtly balanced organization of impulses becomes the ideal. The first positive contribution, then, which Richards makes in his book is the formulation of this general psychological view of value—what might be termed psychological humanism.

A psychological theory of value having been arrived at, there remains the equally important task of applying it to literature. We observe functions in the human organism and arrive at a theory of value dependent on those functions: now we have to apply that theory to external objects that "act on" the organism. But what do we mean by "act on"? Can literature really "cause" states of mind? To answer these questions Richards has to turn from considerations of value to a consideration of how literature can produce value, how words can communicate attitudes which result in a valuable state in the reader.

Much of the central portion of the "Principles" is taken up with discussions of types of experience and the technique of their expression and communication. The function of the poet as the transmitter of a valuable attitude is stressed: an attitude is valuable when it represents the organization of impulses for "freedom and fullness of life." The arts in general are powerful agents in the transmission of such attitudes, which can result in permanent modifications of the mind-structure and so have lasting good effects. In this way Richards reunites art and morality through psychology.

Such an approach can offer some very interesting and helpful analyses of separate aspects of the poet's activity, both as experiencer and as transmitter, and here Richards gives us some of his most suggestive chapters. More fundamental, however, is the view of the nature and function of the poet which emerges. The two main distinguishing features of the poet are, first, that he has his past experience more readily on tap than other men have, and, second, that he is, in a special sense, a more normal person—his responses to the stimuli which constitute the formal elements of art (*e. g.*, rhythm and meter) must involve a minimum of eccentricity on his part, for it is only by having these things in common with his readers that he can communicate to them the new attitude, the more elaborately balanced organization of impulses, the transmission of which is his main function and justification. The argument is developed with illustrations and examples, and some conventional critical questions are reëxamined in the light of Richards' theory as a whole. There follows a further elaboration of his general theory of value as applied to the arts, which seeks to explain on what we might call psychologico-humanist grounds why good taste and sound criticism are not merely optional luxuries, but an essential part of any adequate civilization. The book concludes with further discussions of points raised earlier, of which the most persistent concerns methods of employing language and the states of mind which give rise to these methods. We can see that combination of interest in semantics and in logic which has been so noticeable in recent Cambridge thought and which is responsible for the rise of logical positivism.

The influence of the "Principles" has been at least as important on the negative as on the positive side. It has been largely responsible for the final breakdown of the "magical" view of literature, the view that literature, like art generally, is a mystical activity unlike any other. And this in turn has meant the gradual elimination from serious criticism of the simple "Oh, how wonderful" approach. On the positive side the influence has been less uniform. In grounding a theory of

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value upon description Richards has, all unwittingly, fathered a host of rather muddle-headed critics who seem to have been unable to see that only a psychological concept of function can bridge the gap between the descriptive and the normative. Using some of Richards' scientific tools (with tools from psychology generally) without his scientific method, these critics have confused a description of psychological origins with an assessment of value. Thus, what Herbert Read calls a "Defense of Shelley" is simply an attempt to show that in view of his psychological make-up Shelley could not have written otherwise than he did: this, of course, tells us nothing of whether the poetry is good or bad or of what the value of poetry is. To tell us how something arose is not necessarily to say anything about its quality or subsequent function. This is a confusion—the confusion between origins and present value—that has run through a great deal of recent criticism, especially in England.

But Richards cannot be held responsible for the confusions of those who may be utilizing some of his ideas, any more than he is to blame for the host of dilettante psychologists who regularly pass off impressionistic chatter for profound analysis simply by the use of psychological terminology. Richards himself has studied with some care behaviorism and Gestalt psychology, and speaks of these matters with nothing of the amateur awkwardness that characterizes some who are called his disciples. More desirable and more important is the influence Richards has had on serious and informed critics who are interested in the problems of literary form, poetic imagery and meaning. Here the application of psychology, encouraged by Richards, has proved most illuminating, and some of the best work done in practical criticism today, especially in America, is in this field. Psychology has not only won the right to recognition as an important tool in investigating the processes of literature, but that right is also being increasingly justified in practice. William Empson on ambiguity, George Rylands on poetic diction, the Scrutiny group (who have many individual foibles) on problems of culture generally, all seem to owe something to Richards, while in this country Kenneth Burke, among many others, has been applying psychological knowledge to discussions of poetic form. Without accepting Richards' system—his general view of value, of civilization and of the relation of the arts to other kinds of human activity—these and other critics have profited by using some of his tools effectively.

Thus the influence of the "Principles" has been threefold. First, it has helped to eliminate obscurantism from criticism. Second, it has, through no fault of Richards', contributed to a common contemporary confusion between explanation of origin and demonstration of value. Third, it has provided new and important critical tools which have on occasions—though by no means as often as might be wished—been used with considerable skill. Richards' general philosophy has had little obvious influence on criticism. It might be added that the "Principles" has been frequently reprinted and is still, for a book of its kind, widely read; so that there is no reason to believe that its influence is at an end.

We have noted that the logic of Richards' work consists in a movement from description to evaluation, with the concept of function introduced to bridge the two. But there remains the problem of transferring a view of value in states of consciousness to a view of value in literature. For a work of literature to be valuable it must produce a valuable state of mind. *How* it can do this Richards discusses in his present chapters on meaning and communication, as well as in the earlier book that he wrote with C. K. Ogden, "The Meaning of Meaning." But *whether* any given work of literature actually does produce such a state of mind is a question that he doesn't fully answer.

This is one of the most serious weaknesses in the book, and it seems to arise from the fact that Richards is not nearly so well up in literature as he is in psychology. It is extraordinary that in all his discussion of literary value he never refers to more than a handful of concrete instances, and that these are all short poems. In his reaction against the view which regards qualities in art, such as Beauty, as existing wholly objectively in the given work, Richards insists that Beauty is simply the effect of the work on those who deem it beautiful, and as a result starts his inquiry by discussing states of consciousness, forgetting for the time being all about art. When he has achieved an adequate theory of value that will apply to states of consciousness, he goes back to his works of art with the cheerful assumption that his theory will apply, that adequate works of art will be those that take their origin from such states in the author and communicate them to the reader. But nowhere is there a sustained attempt to prove this. We have the feeling that literature is being forced into the pattern by somewhat Procrustean methods.

Richards maintains that literary evaluation must be based on "a general theory of value which will show the place and function of the arts in the whole system of values." But there seems to be a confusion here in the use of the term "general." A *general* theory of value can mean either (1) a theory of value which applies not only to art but to other human activities also, or (2) a theory of value which is based on "universal" psychological factors and assumes consistent causation for these factors. Now with the first sense of the phrase we can have no quarrel: it is one of Richards' outstanding merits that he relates literary to other values. But he tends to confuse this first sense with the second, which raises much more doubtful points. The operation of the psychological factors which interest Richards is not consistent: it varies with the social context which plays so large a part in determining attitudes. Richards

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does consider various minor causes of variation, but only as eccentricities to be eliminated: the continual and overwhelming importance of the social factor is overlooked.

Richards' general position could perhaps be called psychological Benthamism. In Chapter VII of the "Principles" he states quite explicitly his view of enlightened self-interest in psychological terms: "It may very well be the case that a person's own interests are such that, *if he understood them,* were well organized in other words, he would be a useful and charming member of his community." It is interesting to note how closely Richards' habits of thought link him with the Utilitarians of the last century: he shares their confidence, their optimism, their individualism, their method of approach. The chief difference lies in the particular psychological theory he employs. And some of the same objections that have been brought against Benthamism can be brought against the views expressed in the "Principles." The whole argument tends to oversimplification. A utilitarian psychology may be relevant in the discussion of the individual *qua* individual, but in any wider context there is bound to be a conflict of utilities which cannot be resolved so cheerfully. (The individual as such is a theoretical abstraction, anyway.)

Actually, Richards' theory of adjustment of impulses is more relevant to a consideration of civilizations than of individuals. The tests he applies in his later "Practical Criticism" might be even more profitably applied —were it possible—to representatives of different civilizations. Such a test would illustrate the relativity of Richards' standards and the importance of the question of contexts. The wider our context the more relative our judgments, because terms like "adjustment" cease to be final as soon as we look beyond our self-imposed horizon, and the question "adjustment to *what?*" becomes more and more insistent. Richards is surely right in regarding literature as a means to a desirable end rather than as a desirable "thing" in itself; but there are many possible and equally desirable ends, which require integration. And further, these ends are not separate and distinct, but have complex and shifting relations to each other. The desirability of any given end cannot be gauged by contemplating it in isolation, as Richards tends to do; it can be assessed only with reference to the context within which it occurs.

The relation of art to morality, Richards maintains, has been misunderstood in the past because the whole nature of ethics was misunderstood. Both the Horatian pill-gilders and the Humanists failed to appreciate the real nature of the connection between art and morals, since their view of both art and morality was inadequate. For Richards, "the problem of morality, the problem of how we are to obtain the greatest value from life, becomes a problem of organization, both in the individual life and in the adjustment of the individual lives to each other." His theory of ethics arises directly from his psychological theory of value. But here, too, the limitation of context harms the argument. You cannot discuss adequately questions of pattern in an indeterminate or shifting context not recognized as such. In his reaction against "abstract principles and general rules of conduct" Richards goes too far in the other direction.

But the great importance of Richards' chapter on art and morality lies in its pointing the way to a reunification of the two at a quite different level from that reached by the "classical" critics. He makes that unification himself through a reinterpretation of both art and morality in terms of his psychological theory of value. A moral man is the man whose coördination of activities is the widest and most comprehensive compatible with the minimum of conflict, starvation and restriction. The artist expresses and communicates such a state. This is all very useful, if inadequate, doctrine; obviously, we require a higher level for our synthesis than the simple psychological one. But even if Richards' formulation here is unsatisfactory, his view that a reinterpretation of the nature of ethics and of art is necessary, as a preliminary to their reunification, has proved very valuable for modern thought.

What, then, has the value of the "Principles" proved to be? It raised fundamental problems which have been setting writers to work ever since. Richards demonstrated once and for all the essential relation between literature and other forms of activity, and showed psychological knowledge to be a fundamental part of the critic's equipment. He went further, and regarded it as the only important part; but we may benefit from his discussion without accepting this extension of the argument. The points made by Richards and erected by him into a comprehensive theory of value have been separated out again by later critics, who believed Richards' system to be premature. Many valuable critical activities, such as the application of psychology to the discussion of literary form, derive from Richards' pioneer work. If the issues which Richards raised as aspects of a rather arbitrarily unified system have been split up and are being investigated one by one, as a preliminary to a more profound synthesis, that is all to the good.

DAVID DAICHES

Random Political Reflections

Sometimes I think venerable Senator Glass is rude.
His fulminations fill me with a singular lassitude.

His handsome colleague, Senator Harry F. Byrd,
Should be seen and not heard.

But the wonder to me is why anyone bothers to make replies
To Representative Martin J. Dies.

THEODORE ROETHKE

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Shoot the Works

A Balanced Diet

IT IS ENCOURAGING to hear that gloomy reports about The New York Post have been exaggerated and that the paper will go on. I hope it prospers. Its function in the New York field is important and will become more so as the great fight between liberal and conservative forces develops during this year and the ensuing one.

Increasingly the good old elective system by which a reader could choose a journal suited to his taste becomes curtailed. To this newspaper owners may say that the survival of the fittest operates in journalism just as in other fields. But there is a catch in that. New York, as judged by the results of the 1938 election, is still predominantly a New Deal city. And yet, but for The Post, the greater city might find itself in 1940 without a single daily supporting Mr. Roosevelt or some similar candidate. The New York World-Telegram was aggrieved when The New York Daily News spoke of it as an anti-New Deal publication. Rather huffily, it remarked that when the Scripps-Howard chain made a shift in political allegiance that fact would be announced in its own columns rather than in a rival's. And now it seems to me that Mr. Howard's gazette might justifiably turn the tables and inquire whether the intentions of Captain Patterson toward Franklin Roosevelt continue to be honorable. In swallowing the Munich pact the Captain seems to have gulped down a good deal of thick Republican gravy as a chaser.

And so, although one might say that it just isn't good business for all the papers in one city to get on the same side of a critical controversy, such things have been known to happen. The reader must stick to a paper, even though he deplores its opinions, when there just isn't any other place to go. I think that to a considerable extent the general public has been extremely shortsighted in not being more active in protecting its own vital interest in a free and varied press. After the wringer has passed over some populous territory, leaving only one paper where two or three existed before, the citizen is likely to say that there is nothing he can do about it.

But there was something he could have done about it once, and for a small price individually. In city after city papers which were at least fair-to-middling have been allowed to go down the sluiceways. The average citizen does not yet seem to realize that adequate newspaper coverage is just as important to the health and life of a city as adequate schools, hospitals or playgrounds. Unfortunately subscribers don't know their own strength. Some day newspaper readers will be intelligent enough to organize a guild or union of their own. Through such an organization something might really be done on the basis of coöperative publications national in scope. These could be democratically administered, and in the mind's eye one can see a very lively election with Harold Ickes running against Hugh Johnson for the post of managing editor of The People's Palladium.

On a less ambitious basis a Newspaper Readers' Guild could have a great and useful influence upon existing papers. Even publishers themselves are beginning to admit reluctantly that perhaps the great white light of criticism is not turned on journalistic practices as often as might be salutary. Such efforts as George Seldes or Secretary Ickes have made to date have been greeted with ire rather than understanding.

But it is a familiar practice now to purchase a service such as Consumers' Union which gives expert opinion in evaluating the essential worth of many of the commodities by which man lives. You can find out about bread. It might be even more important if the average reader were in a position to ascertain just how much milling enters into the news which is served up to him day by day through the journal of his choice or the one which is forced upon him by his geographical isolation in a one-paper town. Bread, I believe, is the staff of life, but news and editorial opinion can justly be described as the lifeline of the intelligent man and woman. He or she knows Spain or China or Germany or Russia only by the words which appear on the printed page. And what happens on the dim horizon may be tomorrow morning's life-or-death problem in America, Senator Gerald P. Nye to the contrary.

After reading "Mail-Order Government," by Secretary Ickes, in Collier's, I am convinced that the marshaling of avalanches of telegrams and letters to shoot down upon the hapless necks of Congressmen is not conducive to the orderly processes of democratic government. But it is well to remember that these icy reservoirs were often loosed by the word of one man or at the most two or three. Just as fire must be fought with fire, I am inclined to believe that crookedly controlled pressure groups can only be fought by bigger and better ones. The reader should make sure he's right by obtaining first-hand factual information through representatives of his own choosing, and then by all means he should go ahead.

If there were no potential checks to the rising tide of concentration in journalistic power we would be badly off indeed. And there will be increasingly a market, I believe, for publications of more modest scope to invade one-paper towns and offer effective opposition. If Franklin D. Roosevelt runs in 1940 and finds a press some 90 percent bitterly hostile (and I believe that to be a conservative estimate), little leaflets mimeographed on wrapping paper will spring up overnight and sell like muffins.

I hear the encouraging rumor that Bovard of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch means to go to bat again as an editor on his own, and no matter what the medium may be in which he finds expression, I am confident that its influence will be felt. And smaller men and more meager products will bloom along the mushroom belt before another winter comes. And so kind reader I pray your sufferance if some footsore traveler knocks upon your door in some isolated cottage hidden down a country lane in Connecticut or in Texas. Do not, I beg you, loose the dog. This will not be one seeking to work his way through college by selling subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Post. Instead he will be seeking to interest you in some sort of humble weekly or daily devoted to the expression of minority opinion. It will be a poor thing but his own. Give him, I suggest, your attention, a pat on the back, a piece of pie and a nickel for the current issue. I have a personal interest. You see it may be me.

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Washington Notes

The Night-Blooming Caucus

A FEW DAYS AGO the Democratic members of the House met in caucus, the first general caucus since Mr. Roosevelt took power in 1933. The question of policy that the caucus chairman, Mr. McCormack, had to lay before his colleagues was not extremely complex. Would they, or wouldn't they, stay on the floor of the House, or at least within the limits of the Capitol, during debates and roll calls? Since the start of the present session, the minority leader, black-browed, cagey, quick-witted Joe Martin, has turned out the Republican House members with military precision for every vote. About half of the Democratic group has stayed away. The appropriation for the TVA's dam at Gilbertsville was lost, not because the Democratic majority was against it, but because more than a hundred individual Democrats did not appear to outvote the Republicans. Reasonable as Mr. McCormack's request was, it went unheeded. Most of the caucus meeting was consumed by Democratic malcontents, like the permanently infuriated Mr. Cox of Georgia, in yammerings against President Roosevelt.

In a sense, this caucus meeting was the most tragic happening of the New Deal. It was a tuppenny effort to put discipline and loyalty into the Democratic Party, and it was just about six years too late. In retrospect, it is easy to see why the New Dealers, back in 1933-34, distrusted Congress. The brains and heart of the New Deal then rested in a group of young men and women gathered around Mr. R. G. Tugwell in the old Rural Rehabilitation Administration. They had great plans—such things as rehousing industrial workers in greenbelt cities and organizing farmers in collective farms. The leadership of the House was then in the hands of Southern and big-city conservatives, largely hostile to their aims. So the White House attempted to snap the bills through Congress by judiciously handing out jobs, relief projects and flattery. In effect, the New Dealers said to the congressional leadership: "We know you're against our bills, but, if you'll just look the other way for a minute, we'll make it worth your while." These tactics were completely understandable, but, with the advantage of hindsight, we can now say they were wrong. If the New Dealers meant to work within the frame of the present governmental system—as they unquestionably did—it was imperative to carry Congress, step by step, along with them.

What gives the Democratic caucus of a few days ago its tragic flavor is the fact that for six years the House liberal bloc—non-shrinkable, non-fade New Dealers like Mr. Maury Maverick and Mr. Jerry Voorhis—waited vainly for permission from Mr. Roosevelt to summon such a meeting. Under the traditions of seniority of the House, the liberals had few committee posts, no chairmanships. To make themselves heard at all, they had to plot desperately for the chance to make a five-minute speech on the House floor. A caucus is something like a New England town meeting; anyone can say anything. A caucus—or better, through the University of Texas, wanted to go into politi

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show the depth of New Deal feeling within the Democratic Party. It would have let them call the titular leadership to account and forced the leadership to explain its secret sabotage.

The liberal bloc, it is true, never had a majority of Democratic House members. But one of the reasons it didn't was that, under the House rules, it never had a chance to function, to show that it was important and worth joining. Perhaps the liberals could not have carried a Democratic caucus in favor of government-owned communal farms. But it is almost certain that a caucus could have forced the House leadership to accept a wages-and-hours bill a full year before it was actually passed.

Why didn't the liberal bloc demand a caucus on its own initiative? The blunt truth is that Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers frowned on activity of any sort by the liberal-bloc members lest it disturb their elaborate patronage deals with the titular House leadership. No one can be more royalist than the king; it was very difficult for the liberals to seem to be better partisans of the New Deal than Mr. Roosevelt. This was one obstacle; another, more serious, lay in the fact that Mr. Jerry Boileau and his Wisconsin and Minnesota bully-boys were not Democrats but La Follette Progressives and Olson Farmer-Laborites, and not entitled to enter a Democratic caucus. The opportunity to establish practical democracy at the exact center of government, the House of Representatives, was never grasped.

A bill to provide federal subsidies for the public-school systems of the country, beginning with $75,000,000 next year and increasing for six years to $208,000,000, is again before Congress. It was lost at the last session, apparently because of pressure from the Catholic hierarchy on the White House. A glimpse of the need for the proposed subsidies is given by a survey of white rural teachers just completed by the National Education Association. It is perhaps the most careful job of research in this field ever made. Among other shameful facts, it shows that more than one-half of the white rural teachers are forced to live in quarters without central heating, heated bathroom or telephone. Nearly a half live without an indoor toilet, a bathtub or shower. A third of the teachers can buy no books of any sort; two-thirds can buy only pedagogical books. A third are without access to libraries of more than a thousand books. Their average pay for teaching is $876 a year.

Representative T. V. Smith of Chicago is perhaps the most conspicuous freshman member of the new House. He is a New Dealer, and is rapidly becoming, after the President, the chief radio speaker of the administration group. For the remainder of this session, he will debate weekly wth Senator Robert A. Taft on the philosophic underpinnings of the New Deal over a national hook-up. Both men hope their broadcasts will be a contemporary equivalent of the 1787 Federalist Papers. Mr. Smith was born in Texas, and says his earliest memory is of a swaying prairie schooner. His father was a blacksmith, and followed the frontier across the breadth of Texas to the Panhandle. Once, Mr. Smith says, his father confided proudly that their family was related to that of Jesse James. The son worked his way

ing and made a vast success of it. He is now professor of ethics at the University of Chicago, a member of the brilliant group of socially minded educators that has gathered around Professor Charles E. Merriam. Mr. Smith was one of the first teachers to become excited over radio, and began broadcasting in 1923, when radio was hardly born. In 1934 he was elected to the Illinois Senate, and brought about the establishment of the Illinois legislative council. In the 1936 campaign, he was "discovered" by the Democratic National Committee, and pitted against the top-ranking Republican microphone nuzzler, Mr. William Hard.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Why the New Jersey Bank Failed

IT SEEMS like the good old times of Herbert Hoover. A bank in New Jersey closed its doors and the story of a bank failure made the headlines for several days in succession. The bank that closed is one of those political banks which are found everywhere. And out of the events which marked the closing, two incidents stand out as worthy of approval.

One of them was the refusal of the authorities in Washington to put on a rescue for this utterly indefensible bank. It should have been closed, and they courageously declined to make any further advances. The other is the statement of the Banking Commissioner of New Jersey that he does not intend to investigate the inevitable leak which precedes all bank closings. The "leak" always comes in for a disproportionate share of the publicity when a bank closes and diverts attention from the main issue. After all, the people who work in banks are human and they behave like human beings when they discover that their bank is about to blow up. They tell their uncles and aunts and brothers-in-law to withdraw "quietly" and then the fat is in the fire. The important thing is to prevent banks like the New Jersey Title Guaranty and Trust Company from either coming into or remaining in business.

This bank, which flourished in Jersey City, with the Governor as one of its directors and the Senator from New Jersey as its counsel, was literally everything that a bank ought not to be.

It was, apparently, one of those institutions which reinforced the activities of the real-estate and mortgage fraternity of Jersey City in the good old days before the crash. But also it continued to follow that career after the crash. It plowed its funds into mortgages. It was frozen stiff in 1933. It was frozen even stiffer in 1939, with immovable assets sunk into real-estate mortgages and mortgage certificates.

In 1934 it had $7,624,000 loaned on real-estate mortgages. By 1937 that had been increased to $9,624,000. When it closed it had over $10,000,000 in mortgages. Most of the balance of its assets were invested in guaranteed mortgage certificates, foreclosed properties and its bank buildings. It was precisely the reverse of liquid, and its failure was as inevitable as the co[illegible]

The seriousness of this lies in the fact that every effort has been made to induce other banks to imitate this model. The Federal Reserve Act of 1935 set about making it easy for national banks to lend money on the security of real-estate mortgages. At the time that act was proposed I protested against it in these columns. No very great damage has been done by it as yet, for several reasons. First, the building boom which this provision was designed to promote has stubbornly refused to get born. Second, bankers themselves have had the sense to refuse to use this dangerous weapon.

Despite this, however, real-estate loans have increased about $400,000,000. And, should some spark ever touch off a period of private building activity, we will see bankers here and there in increasing numbers turning to real-estate loans to employ their enormous resources. It may very well be that we have in this the making of the next banking crisis.

Mr. Amadeo P. Giannini has gone back to San Francisco a wiser and a sadder man. He told the newspapers that he was disillusioned. He had adopted the New Deal; he had looked for so much from it. But alas! it has turned out to be a profound failure from his point of view. Now he has issued a challenge to the SEC and Mr. W. O. Douglas, who is the kind of New Dealer he dislikes most and not at all like those two grand New Dealers, Messrs. Donald Richberg and William Stanley, who represent him in Washington. He calls upon Mr. Douglas to submit the issue to his stockholders. It is an excellent idea. The law has set up the Securities and Exchange Commission to deal with the question of the legality of a listing. But Mr. Giannini calls on Mr. Douglas to abdicate that function and submit the question to a tribunal which Mr. Giannini chooses—namely the stockholders of his Transamerica Corporation.

Here is a counter proposal. Mr. Douglas says that the Transamerica Corporation dominates the Bank of America and various other corporations. He also charges that one of these corporations is known as the Pacific Mortgage Company. Mr. Giannini says that he has been a very modestly paid man—getting for his services as low as $34,000 in 1928 and as high as a mere $1,438,000 in 1930. But Mr. Douglas seems to intimate that through the Pacific Mortgage Company various operations were carried on which ought not to be hooked up with banking practice and that through this company Mr. Giannini received large sums of money. Mr. Giannini's lawyers stoutly, even violently, oppose going into this.

Now wouldn't it be a better plan for Mr. Giannini to say to Messrs. Richberg and Stanley something about as follows: Stop all opposition to the SEC's inspection of the affairs of Pacific Mortgage Company? The persistence of the SEC has created the impression that something was done there which should not have been done. The best answer to that sort of suspicion is to open the books of this company to the suspicious Mr. Douglas and convince him that he is talking through his hat. Moreover, our stockholders should know what is happening in all these corporations. There should be no secrets from them. So quit fighting this probe. Tell Douglas we have nothing to hide

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The Great Durante

WE WILL NEVER KNOW how good or bad J. P. McEvoy's book for "Stars in Your Eyes" may actually be, because its scenes are constantly exploding into Jimmy Durante. It is the (by now) old plot about the young hopeful among the stars and garters of Hollywood life, and it holds together and gets into more natural funny situations than most musicals. The staging is good (sets by Jo Mielziner) and the show is elegantly turned out in John Hambleton's costumes. Music and lyrics by Schwartz and Fields, adequate enough but nothing catchy; and a good cast.

Ethel Merman is better than usual (another singer who can put over a song without singing much), and has worked out a fine comedy part for herself by the end, getting her lines off enough to drive them through an oak block. Richard Carlson did a nice quiet job of avoiding the sappy; Mildred Natwick almost rates equal billing with Merman for her grace and dry wit; and the stage was full of people like Clinton Sundberg, Ted Gary, etc. The only sour note was Tamara Toumanova, who is one of those Lupe Velez types with less ability than perpetual motion, getting in your hair like a comb. Her dancing is her fortune, but what thumps she gave the stage here I could willingly give up to keep her out of the story. (The dancing in general was all right, no more, and there was less of it thrown at you than usual, happy days.)

These are the credits, but the show is still Jimmy Durante's. Everybody knows the Durante character now: The hat, always the hat. In the last number this time he has a Russian shako that is white and mangy and about two feet tall, but he could work just as hard with a beret, and I estimate he has dusted off more acres of stage than any five comedy tumblers in the business. The sandpaper voice, the face in general, nose and eyes in particular; the smile and that wall-eyed sidewise take. The ripping motion, back and forth and around with the clear angry intention of getting there ahead of himself, whirls, half-turn jerks, and the quality of stopping as though he had been bumped into by a brick wall. As for his stage character there is of course the intellectualized malaprop in which he delights (it's exacerbating, that's what it is). After that there are the passions, few but running strong: rage and a determination in everything that makes everything else seem like rage (Am I mortified! Am I humialated!); and love. And in everything a deliberate humor of contrasts: the silver tenor and that old-crow delivery; the long words and the quick ability to misapprehend any idea you could name; the great lover and that face and figure—a slab of asbestos blazing with desire.

The energy is another thing, and in Jimmy's case terrific; but energy can only help the natural clown, it can't make him funny. He is spontaneous, naturally; in coming up the hard way he had to rely on spontaneity before he could ever rely on being a national act or character. He ad-libs out of good spirits and for the advancement of laughter, and a show simply cannot die once he is out of his dressing room.

Nobody but the people in a cast could tell you how many driven the tempo up to a new briskness; his showmanship is the shrewd and weatherbeaten result of working in singles and teams in any fleabag that would have him, all the way from the bottom to pretty near the top, and if you say you ever saw him miss planting a line by fractions of a second, in all the audience and stage and orchestra hubbub of one of his knock-down shows, why please send back the ring and my photograph and what is left of the half-pound Fanny Farmer's: it is over.

Jimmy is so constant in strange motions that he always has you going at a simmer of smiling and still feeling weak, so that when his punch line comes, the house is ready to lift. Yet the big belt this time is hardly among theatrical rarities: Jimmy is singing as usual (the voice has a frog in it as big as a lily pad, but really good pitch), kidding the number as usual but giving it all, and finally climbing to the high note of which he is proud and which the band builds up to hold, and holds. Well, Jimmy lasts about three bars on this and then suddenly whangs his hat halfway through the floor, coming down to the trumpets as though he'd kick them back into their throats. "When the hell do I BREATHE around here?" Jimmy Durante says, brushing the warp out of his coatsleeves and breathing all over the place. Then he picks up the hat and is immediately putting his heart into the music as though it wouldn't stay if it weren't walloped.

In another number he suddenly breaks without warning in the middle of a phrase to announce with the fierce resolve of human nature and all patience driven past the limits: "I'm going out for an EIGHT. BAR. REST!" The band vamps quietly, Jimmy charges out at the wings as though he'd break his legs off at the shoulder, charges back center in the same bad state of balance, muttering and fanning himself with the hat (It's too much, that's what it is!). By the down beat of the ninth bar he has become aware of the audience again and is in there putting a torch to the music.

Apart from a few ideas like this you can see more plainly than ever that what is funny is not the situation, not the words. That since the gestures are known and predictable they cannot be funny all night. That funny costumes are good for one yokel guffaw (no more) unless what we really laugh at is the attitude of the man in under the funny hat, his seriousness in it and pride in it, his unselfconscious furiousness and importance. What you wouldn't believe until you'd seen it was the Durante-Merman number before the finale. The two of them simply stood offside sort of giving each other significant looks not to miss the music cue, and then when the band hits it coming front and center like the courier in a Civil War movie, to stand there and sing about "It's All Yours." A fire alarm would ring in the wings and Jimmy would stomp back to the telephone on the piano and Hello, hello and some kind of gag, any gag; and front and center again for a finish; and then on some fine rousing chords from the pit the two of them would go off in a sort of glorified trucking step. Applause, and then the routine over again and then applause and so on.

I don't know how many times they did it with few variations—except that Jimmy took to throwing this tremendous shako at the leader in the pit with goose feathers

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the leader would throw it in the air half a rod, and it moulting every inch, and it still wouldn't make the stage. Well, it was just that and the crowd would not let them off, and yet the routine went on and the impromptu phone gags went as low as, "Hello, is this the meat market? Well meet my wife." And the crowd would not let them off, and Durante was killing himself and laughing, and tearing around keeping up the bad jokes and pillow fight, and it was the best shambles for the least cause I ever saw.

The conception of this business was good, if simple, but that must wear out quickly, and after a while it comes down to Durante, picking up a houseful of widely assorted people as a magnet picks up iron filings. It is something in him essentially comic, something that never lets down, a constant perfection of eye in picking out the absurd and unexpected from all situations. He is funny because he is funny. If you could go any farther than that except to smoke up the place with words, you would know what humor is and be able to practise it (by the way, how funny *are* you actually?).

But when you come out on the street and begin to breathe normally again, you will notice something that was not billed in the program or featured in the show, never stressed and naturally buried in the noise and bustle. A conniver, a seller-outer and crazy man in his stage part, Jimmy Durante somehow retains for himself, the man under the stage character and funny hat, the absurd reassurance of rough-and-ready but sweet human kindness which enlists you behind him, tempering all that harsh outward violence with a mutual good faith between him and you and the extra he makes a great kick at, telling him get the hell out of here. His character off stage as a matter of fact is not terrific or Ritz Brothers. Unmistakably Durante, he is quiet, a man who works hard and is weary, and protected from the rude shoving, autograph hunters and flashlight bulbs perhaps by his very air of not seeking them but going about his business as though no better and no worse than all the other citizens wrapped in their average clothes and own business. So he can poke along Broadway and be buttonholed by any acquaintance and introduced to anybody on the sidewalk, and use the easy language of the street and country to say, friendly and brief, that much and no more, "Hiya, pal."

There is a kind of humor that nickers in the air when a man takes a bad fall or loss in human dignity; and this, observed and charted by the philosophers, has become mistaken for the risible instinct itself. Whereas true comedy requires as much participation and hope of the good, true and beautiful as high tragedy: those elaborating the thesis that laughter comes from the feeling of superiority and enjoyment of other men's discomfiture are supplying us with a personal dossier sadder than it is funny. Those who do not have to write books about it know that a good part of the fun of watching a man like Durante is in the way we're with him and love him, the way we spot him for a good and happy guy. This is not any one man or group of men out for an audience laugh and damn all. It is rather as though we were all gathered there for the purposes of a humor as tempered with mercy as the humor we can muster, without forcing, for any joke perpetrated on ourselves.

The Bandwagon

Chinese resistance is dead, but the Chinese don't know it. – *From an interview with Japanese Major General Sakai in The Chicago Daily News.*

As for Italy's pledge to respect the "status quo" elsewhere in the Mediterranean—including Morocco, Tunisia and Palestine—Mr. Chamberlain feels bound to trust it until it is broken. – *From The New York Times.*

"There is a grave danger to the whole banking structure of the country," he said, "if any governmental body is permitted to investigate and explore publicly private banking transactions. The banking structure rests upon public confidence." – *From a statement by L. M. Giannini, president of the Bank of America, in The Seattle Post Intelligencer.*

NORTH CAROLINA GROPING
FOR EASIER WAY TO KILL

Search That Began in 1910, and That Has Gone from Hanging to Electricity to Gas, Goes on in Quiet Desperation

– *From The State, Columbia, S. C.*

Bless You, My Children, It's Your Battle Now

Where a copy of Hitler's book "Mein Kampf" is given (which is almost everywhere in Germany) the presentation is to be made after the marriage ceremony is over. – *From The Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

Boring from Underground

Councilman Robert K. Straus struck a sinister note when he observed that the only other city with murals in its subway was Moscow. Seizing upon this theme, Councilman Joseph E. Kinsley said murals might be used to plant un-American ideas in the minds of the populace. – *From The New York Times.*

Dr. Freud Please Copy

Whatever hostile critics may say, we are convinced that our motives in the creation of our Empire were not greed of gold or love of power, but a subconscious urge to civilize that only became conscious under the enlightening pen of Rudyard Kipling. – *Lord Esher in "The Captains and the Kings Depart."*

Faith, Hope and Charity

Now, in our general picture of advertising, the proprietary medicines play a little different role from other commodities. These commodities are strictly personal. They not only involve taste and preference but also faith. The purchaser must have faith in the product. The mere fact that it is advertised should be a guarantee that the product is worthy.– *George Sokolsky, writing in Liberty.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.

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Correspondence

Bob Hallowell

SIR: I was saddened to read that Bob Hallowell is dead. He was an exact contemporary of mine and in the old days of The Century Magazine I knew him before The New Republic was founded. In those days John Reed was on The American Magazine, full of youth and enthusiasm. Bob's affection for and admiration of Reed I well remember. Hallowell was a brave and generous man, with great personal charm, and a genuine artist. Just the other day an old friend of his was talking to me about him. It seems strange that one won't see him again. He was the kind one doesn't forget.

New York City. WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

The Economics of the Townsend Plan

SIR: The Townsend organization is most appreciative of your comment "Doc Townsend Rides Again" in the January 11 issue of The New Republic. There are, however, a few errors in the story which should be called to attention. One of these is most important.

Your writer, referring to the transaction tax, calls it a "sales tax which would bear most heavily on the poorest elements in the population." This is erroneous. The transaction tax, as it is defined in the Townsend Plan bill, H. R. 2, and S. 3, is a form of gross-income tax. There is a marked similarity between the tax we propose and the Hawaiian gross-income-tax law, which has proved so successful.

Mr. Louis C. Silva, chief deputy tax commissioner of the Territory of Hawaii, who has obtained a year's leave of absence from his post to serve our organization, has stated on numerous occasions that the increase in the cost of consumer goods would be so small that it would scarcely be noticeable. This contention, he said, is borne out in the Territory of Hawaii.

Your writer says this tax "would bear most heavily on the poorest elements of the people." Is it not a fact that all forms of taxes are carried down to the ultimate consumer and that those in the lower-income brackets pay a greater share, in proportion to their earnings?

It is our contention that this will be a more equitable and less destructive tax than any other, since the tax money, distributed every thirty days to those on annuity rolls, would under our measure be returned to business channels within thirty days in exchange for goods and services.

The destructive feature of the present social-security-tax law lies in the fact that the tax monies accumulate in a large stagnant fund, taking necessary currency out of circulation.

We believe that the redeeming feature of our tax proposal lies in the fact that the revenue is disbursed every month into consumer channels where it must be used to purchase goods and services. Payment of the Soldiers' Bonus caused an immediate increase in business, estimated at between 16 and 22 percent. This injection of buying power into consumer channels brought a stimulus to business and industry which resulted in the reemployment of workers. We propose that this same action be taken every month. Thus if we can create a demand for goods, we can be assured of reëmployment in every branch of commerce and industry, and once men and women are reëmployed their own purchasing power will be reëstablished.

The final point on which your writer erred was in age limit. The Townsend organization is growing rapidly. Within another year it will be the strongest organization this nation has known. We do not say that our bill is perfect, but we believe that the principles contained therein are right and that the time is not far away when those principles will be incorporated in national law.

L. D. ROMINE
Public Relations Director,
Washington, D. C. Townsend National Recovery Plan, Inc.

[Mr. Romine's economics are extremely faulty. Any general tax on business transactions is equivalent, economically, to a sales tax—it is merely a wider extension of the same principle. Any sales tax places a heavier proportional burden on those of low income than a graduated income tax, unless the sales tax is levied only on things that those who have low incomes do not buy. It is not a fact that "all forms of taxes are carried down to the ultimate consumer." Income and profits taxes are not so carried down. If our Townsendites would read any standard economic work on taxation they would see the fallacy of their argument.

There is no net stimulus to public purchasing power through taxation and distribution of tax receipts—no matter what the form of tax and spending. Stimulus comes only when the spending rests on borrowing and an expansion of bank credit.—THE EDITORS]

FTRD

SIR: We should like to take this opportunity to thank the readers of The New Republic who have written us letters and cards praising our "Men Against Death" radio series, based on the books of Paul de Kruif ("Microbe Hunters," "Hunger Fighters," "Men Against Death," "Why Keep Them Alive?" and "The Fight for Life"), and broadcast over the Columbia network, coast-to-coast, every Saturday at 9 P.M., EST.

The fact that the Federal Theatre Radio Division, one of the foremost drama-producing groups on the American airwaves, has accumulated a weekly audience of more than 10,000,000 listeners by specializing in the presentation of cultural and educational dramas, gives the lie to the oft-repeated slander that the average intelligence of radio fans is not quite that of a thirteen-year-old child.

Our "Epic of America" series, based on the popular book by Dr. James Truslow Adams (banned in Italy and Germany), was amazingly popular in spite of the terrific competition of Charlie McCarthy on another network. This series was awarded the Women's National Radio Committee's prize as the second finest 1937-38 series on the American airwaves "of educational value to children."

Time wrote of us, in its June 27, 1938, issue, that the FTRD is the WPA project "most favored by private industry" in so far as we receive all time on the air gratis, the networks and local stations having contributed nearly $3,500,000 worth of time (which is ten times the cost of the project) in the two years of our existence. In return, we have performed distinguished broadcasts, raised the cultural level of radio, and returned 50 percent of all personnel ever on the Project to radio, stage and screen.

EVAN ROBERTS,
Managing Director, Radio Division,

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Praise for John Longo

SIR: Congratulations and thanks for the publishing of that splendid letter of John R. Longo [The New Republic, February 15]. It is interesting to see how the enemies of human freedom defeat themselves by jailing an intelligent and noble-minded young man like this, and thus letting the people of Jersey City know whom they may trust as a leader against the Hague gangsters.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR

Cablegram from Mosow

nlt new republic magazine
nyk
please thank and most warmly congratulate heywood broun on piece about anderson and quentin riffski rebecca thomashefski who lit up my life like comet stop now seeing denny is here which means eye dont work for times but still have urge to writing eye send you following fragment dash you can use it or not as you please stop quote these russians are so strange and funny and they do some incredible things stop for instance todays izvestia dash just photograph on last page with simple caption subquote at building war academy red army unsubquote stop photograph shows severe massive building dash detroit must be where it comes from with certain flavor of munich because in foreground on pedestal theres gigantic tank to remind you that subquote war is hell unsubquote stop but right in front of tank running towards you in picture theres dozen kids dash little cheerful plump ones dash way they grow them nowadays in russia dash running forward and that's all stop say oldest is ten comma and foremost is small girl in white furry coat with her hands in air stop theres no reference these kids in caption or anywhere else in izvestia but eye kinda think it means something comma like daniel and the lions or una in spensers story stop and hope you and broun will like it unquote

walter duranty

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Upton Sinclair points out a typographical error in the editorial paragraph, "The Third Lustrum" (February 8). The Soviet Union's plan is to increase production by 88 percent during the next five years instead of 38 percent as we said. . . . Layton Meadows of San Mateo, California, adds his praises to the many favorable comments we have had on the "Save Spain!" editorial (February 1). . . . The Newspaper Guild of New York, 117 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, announces a Theatre Benefit for Guild Strikers on Hearst's Chicago papers, Sunday, February 26, 9 P.M., the Windsor Theatre. The show will include the best acts from Cabaret TAC and a special feature, "Misinformation, Please," with Broadway celebrities catching the questions and muffing the answers. Tickets are 55 cents to $2.20.

Sylvia Keene of Seattle, Washingon, expresses her approval of "Hey, Rube!" by Bruce Bliven (February 8). "We in the Northwest feel very much concerned over the Associated Farmers—which happens to be one of the slickest techniques of reaction. If the hold of the AF can be broken, and broken soon, perhaps our native West will lead the rest of the country in the steady march of progress." . . . Dr. L. A. Eldridge Jr. of Great Neck, New York, found "The Power of the Purse," by Paul M. Sweezy (February 8) "refreshing and stimulating." . . . Avedano J. Motroni of San Francisco, California, wonders why the Soviet Union has not offered itself as a refuge for the homeless and oppressed of Central Europe. . . . R. J. Sawyer Jr. of Boston liked our editorial "Th[illegible]" (February 15). He says The Christian Science Monitor printed a good review of Mr. Seldes' book and sends us a clipping to prove the point.

John Barr of Urbana, Illinois, commends Mr. Elmer Davis upon his "very realistic article, 'Is England Worth Fighting For?'" (February 15). Eric Starbuck of North Andover, Massachusetts, on the other hand, suggests that Mr. Davis, if he wants to learn what's what, should read the articles The New Republic has printed by Dr. Frederick L. Schuman. . . . F. P. Frazier, advertising manager of the J. B. Lippincott Company, East Washington Square, Philadelphia, announces a competition for a "first novel in the great romantic tradition." The prize and the cash payment of $2,500 outright, are a travel award with all expenses paid, and an assured income of $2,500 per year for four years from the date of publication of the winning novel. Lippincott wants a novel written "in the fine romantic vein" of Hervey Allen, J. B. Priestley, Rachel Field, James Hilton, etc. In the guide to competitors appears this clue to what the publishers want: "Whether a man or a woman, you must be able to differentiate between sentimentality, passion and true romantic love."

The League of American Writers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, announces a series of congresses: Regional meetings this winter and spring in the Middle West, South Atlantic states and Pacific states, the American Writers' Congress in New York from June 2 to 4, and the World Congress of Writers in Mexico, June 10 to 15. . . . Seby Margolies of the American League to Combat Anti-Semitism, 270 Broadway, New York City, writes that his organization is interested in factual articles of not more than 1,000 words, fully substantiated, concerning the Jewish question in America today. Photographs or illustrations may accompany such articles. No material can be considered unless a stamped return envelope is included. Payment is by arrangement.

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Books in Review

Antigone in a New Tempo

THIS UP-TO-DATE VERSION of the "Antigone,"[1] shaved down and stepped up, is quite a distinguished little work. Where it is particularly good is in its handling of the one-line dialogue, which in the ordinary translation of Greek tragedy is usually what is most unsatisfactory. The bandying back and forth of the tennis ball of Sophoclean wit is likely to prove irritating or boring when the form of the verse has been lost; but Messrs. Fitts and Fitzgerald have succeeded in giving these passages naturalness and point, rapidity and animation. In the same way they have brought out distinctly and, as it were, pungently the political and moral issues of the play which are likely to be obscured in more academic translations. Besides this, the choruses have been rescued from the clotted effect usually produced by trying to translate them too literally. The mythological references have been simplified and the imagery kept as sharp as possible.

This version could be read with profit in one of those courses in Greek literature in translation which in certain of the universities are taking the place of the old classical courses. But it ought to be taken in conjunction with some other more literal version, because in certain fundamental ways it is not really very much like Sophocles. Though the dialogue is transmitted with liveliness, the long tirades lack movement and power. This is perhaps not the fault of the translators: it is hard to see how these long speeches could be given their full force and weight in anything short of Elizabethan blank verse; there is no medium for that sort of thing now. But I think that there are other serious faults: the whole play is rather lacking in intensity and somehow misses its cumulative effect. For one thing, the characters in Sophocles are projected with both solidity and delicacy; but these translators, though they have done very well with the stupid official Creon, have not really grasped the figure of Antigone. Take the first scene: the play ought to begin with a rush: Antigone has just heard the edict and is quivering with indignation; she assails her more passive sister, with whom she is to be contrasted, with an outburst of angry cries and questions—ten vehement lines in the Greek. But here is what these translators give us:

> Ismene, dear sister,
> You would think that we had already suffered enough
> For the curse on Oedipus:
> I cannot imagine any grief
> That you and I have not gone through. And now—
> Have they told you the latest decree of our King Creon?

This sounds like one of those opera librettos that you buy at the Metropolitan. Nor is even Antigone's great speech about the laws of Justice and God that transcend the laws of man rendered with much more fire. The whole drama falls down a little because the translators have failed to give its full value to the personality of this "fierce child of a fierce father."

Bound up with this failure, I believe, is the line they take in connection with the famous disputed passage: 904-920. Antigone, about to die for her devotion to her dead brother when she should presumably have a strong motive for living for the sake of her fiancé, insists at considerable length upon the unique importance of a brother: one can always get a new lover or even a new child whereas a brother is irreplaceable. Goethe complained to Eckermann that this made Antigone act from trivial motives and expressed the hope that the passage would be found to be spurious. Jebb did his best to find it so. Messrs. Fitzgerald and Fitts have followed the example of Jebb and declare that the lines are "limping." But are they? Jebb did not say they were limping: he admitted that there was no compelling case against them and that Aristotle had accepted them as genuine, but he combed them for unusual locutions and rejected them as inherently abhorrent.

He also, with the idea of making Antigone show a little proper feeling about Haemon, the young man she had been engaged to marry—with no textual justification at all and in violation of the convention of the stichomythia—presented one line of Ismene's to Antigone: "O dearest Haemon, how thy father wrongs thee!" In the text as the dramatist undoubtedly wrote it, Antigone never thinks about Haemon: it is only her more normal sister who worries about this aspect of the tragedy. Now the authors of this new translation have given 572 back to Ismene, but they have banished 904-920. Is this sensible? Isn't Sophocles emphasizing the fact that Antigone's womanly affections have been displaced from their natural object in becoming concentrated on her brother? It seems to me impossible to compare this play with "Electra," which more or less presents the same pattern, with the contrast between the two sisters and the fixation of the stronger on Orestes, without concluding that this is what Sophocles intended. In "Electra," the motivation of the heroine springs obviously from an unnatural situation; her emotions are frankly perverse. But hasn't Antigone, too, been peculiarly conditioned by her father's disaster, by the life she has led with him in exile and by her relation to her quarreling brothers? Isn't she abnormal as well as passionate? Certainly her course of conduct requires some special explanation; and Sophocles calls special attention to its strangeness by making her provide a naïve explanation. This fits in with what Aristotle says: he cites this passage as an example of the principle that if anything implausible is made to happen, the cause must be indicated. The only alternative, it seems to me, to accepting this absolutely essential final speech of Antigone's is rewriting her part, as Jebb did, in order to make her behave differently and assuming that Aristotle did not know what the original text had been and was incapable of criticizing the corrupted ver-

[1] The Antigone of Sophocles: An English Version, by Dudley [illegible]

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Jebb, following one of his predecessors, took this line, too, away from Antigone and gave it to the leader of the chorus: and Fitts and Fitzgerald have followed Jebb. The point is that it is thought to be unlikely that Ismene should keep on asking whether Creon will really be so cruel as to execute his own son's promised bride; but isn't this just what she would do? By making Ismene insistent, Sophocles throws into relief Antigone's complete indifference. Ismene does not, as Jebb says, "repeat" her former question: she puts the thing in quite a different way and in a way better calculated to bring home to Creon that he is doing his own son an injury.)

I have gone into this point at length because all the recent attempts I have seen to present the "Antigone" in English—John Jay Chapman's and Oates and O'Neill as well as this latest translation—have swallowed Jebb quite or almost whole; and it seems to me unjust to Sophocles not to recognize his insight into morbid psychology. It is no accident that Sigmund Freud has drawn upon him for the Oedipus complex. Isn't Sophocles' Philoctetes, with his incurable wound and his invincible bow, the perfect symbol of the gifted neurotic? EDMUND WILSON

God's Angry Newspaperman

Days of Our Years, by Pierre van Paassen. New York: Hillman-Curl. 520 pages. $3.50.

As THE PEOPLE of the United States become increasingly interested in world affairs, few publishers' lists are complete without at least one title by a foreign correspondent. Pierre van Paassen is not so well known as John Gunther or Vincent Sheean, and his book has neither the factual value of "Inside Europe" nor the sustained drive of "Personal History," but, in one respect, "Days of Our Years" is a more important contribution than the memoirs of Messrs. Gunther and Sheean.

The events Mr. van Paassen has covered, taking him from Paris to Ethiopia, from Spain and the USSR to Palestine, are strung like beads on the thread of his own autobiography. He adds, generally speaking, but little to the information we already have about world figures and world affairs. We know, for instance, that Mussolini's personal courage is not all that it might be (that lion Il Duce used to pose with, by the way, didn't have any teeth), and that Hitler is given to fits of weeping. The war-horror of Spain and Ethiopia has been fully described, and so has the rise and fall of the Popular Front in France. The charge that England is deliberately sabotaging the Zionist experiment in Palestine for imperialistic reasons has never been stated so bluntly as in this book, but even this charge—the seriousness of which cannot be exaggerated—has been made before.

It is the autobiographical sections of Mr. van Paassen's volume that are most interesting—his life as a divinity student in Holland and Canada; his later life in a small French town; his choking Calvinist anger at the injustice of the world. The value of "Days of Our Years" lies outside the field of foreign affairs—more in the direction pointed out with great insight and clarity by Mr. G. A. Borgese in a recent essay on Ignazio Silone's "The School [illegible] tors." It will be recalled that in this essay, published in these pages, Mr. Borgese stated that there are three religions in the world today—communism, fascism and Roman Catholicism—and that none of these is enough for the soul of modern man. (It is more than high time for it to be realized that "religion," in the present sense, need have nothing to do with theology. The modern biologist Von Monakov, among others, stresses the religious instinct as one of the fundamental vital impulses.) Mr. Borgese, concluding, asked in effect, "Where is the new religion—the religion of democracy—coming from?"

Most contemporary thought seems scarcely aware of the existence of this problem. There are minds in every country, however—yes, even in Italy, where Croce speaks his wisdom and humanity as from a tomb—that are giving it intense consideration. The recent essays of Thomas Mann, "Spain," "Christianity and Socialism," "The Coming Humanism"; Aldous Huxley's "Ways and Means," which most reviewers muffed completely; Jacques Maritain's "True Humanism"; Barthélemy de Ligt's "The Conquest of Violence," which reveals the influence of the author upon Huxley, nearly everything E. M. Forster has recently written—all these are attempts, some of them brilliant attempts, to give an answer to one of the very basic questions of our time.

Mr. van Paassen's book, while not belonging in the same category as those listed above, is none the less related to them. The emphasis here is upon events rather than ideas, but in describing events the author also describes a troubled spiritual odyssey which has returned him, as it has returned

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others, to the basic tenets of humanistic Christianity—simple tenets to be sure, even platitudinous, but containing those moral values which may well determine the religion of democracy.

The author's creed, despite the bitterness of his latter pages, is thus a gentle one. There are some things, however, that even a gentle man cannot either forgive or forget. Remembering such things—the bombings in Ethiopia, the wanton slaughter in Spain—his voice rises to a roar of Reform Church thunder. At such times his book is not unlike the pulpit he once thought he wanted to occupy: and Pierre van Paassen is God's angry newspaperman.

HAMILTON BASSO

The Southern Front

The Coming Struggle for Latin America, by Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 401 pages. $2.50.

IT TOOK THE MUNICH PACT to make us aware of the growing danger to the South. Actually, the soporific pronouncements of our foreign-relations department have lulled the North American mind for years to false assumptions about Latin America. As recently as the Lima conference, the language of diplomacy implied that the "American way" was identical on both continents. Nothing could be more misleading. Recent talk of an armed invasion of South America from Europe threatens to become another smokescreen, behind which pacts of eternal peace may achieve the ends of the dictators.

Carleton Beals is admirably equipped to provide a clue to the role the United States has played and may play in Latin American affairs. If Nazi propaganda is now flourishing in Latin America with disturbing success, we helped give the impetus by our hypocritical foreign policy, our patronizing attitude and often our deliberate intervention. The record is not pretty, and Carleton Beals has gone behind the high-sounding language of diplomacy to hunt for the facts. He sees the makings of a first-class struggle for empire in the expanding ambitions of major South American countries that will use whatever European alliances may suit their purposes. We shall probably not be called upon to defend any Latin American country against armed invasion from Europe. Instead the countries involved will inevitably seek European alliances and we shall again, as in Spain, give comfort to the Fascist powers and lip-service to "democracy," unless the chasm is bridged between the word and the deed.

So far the United States has tended to support the very type of Latin American dictator most likely to seek Fascist alliances. This is shown clearly in the two last-minute chapters on the Lima Conference that have been added to the latest edition of the book. By ignoring economic realities and South American violations of democratic rights—Peru itself is a brutal dictatorship—the conference strengthened totalitarianism while speaking brave words against it.

As Mr. Beals points out, democracies and Fascist powers alike prefer the present state of affairs in Latin America. That status happens to include a preponderance of dictatorial governments, differing little in method from the tinction between the South American brand of tyranny and the European; the South American dictators are more like hit-and-run drivers. There are still loopholes in their armor; a reaction to the popular will is still induced with greater flexibility, as witness the recent elections in Chile that resulted in a government favoring the Loyalists, displacing one that favored Franco. Batista, too, has taken a complete turn in Cuba, on account of economic pressure from the United States; our bankers began to see the handwriting on the wall when Italy cracked the reciprocity treaty and Mussolini sent his picture to his "friend Batista." Since the right-about, Batista has made a state visit to his "friend Cárdenas." In some other Latin American countries there are faint indications of a swing toward democratic government; but the Fascists are working faster than the liberals.

Mr. Beals indicates that the commercial methods of Italy, Germany and Japan, shrewder and more skillful than the outmoded notions of trade that prevail in Great Britain and the United States, are more responsible for the inroads of foreign ideology than any particular liking for foreign doctrines. Latin Americans will hardly cut themselves off from trade they need to suit us. Moreover, in their fundamental fight, we too appear unfriendly. Mr. Beals believes that the only *real* struggle in South America is against mass serfdom, feudal enslavement and foreign domination. In that fight democracies and Fascist powers have a way of acting disturbingly alike. A great drama is brewing to the South; there is little likelihood we shall remain mere bystanders. Latin America seems a dark unknown continent to most North Americans. Mr. Beals has made it come alive and has made its events alarmingly near at hand.

JOSEPHINE HERBST

Australian Pioneer

Salute to Freedom, by Eric Lowe. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

ERIC LOWE'S 615-page novel of life among the Australian squatters (the landed "aristocrats" who run the great sheep stations) has important merits. It is accurate social history and the personal history of Robin Stewart is logically related to the deeper currents of life in which it is implicated. Starting around the turn of the century in Robin's boyhood, it carries him through school, to the land, into a disastrous marriage, through the War both at home and in the Near East, back to the land, to disintegrating mental uncertainty and, finally, to the resolution of his problems before a Rebel firing squad in Spain. The theme Mr. Lowe has woven into the story is Robin's struggle for mental and emotional freedom in a world which allows less and less scope for pioneering adventure. The invasion of the vast land holdings of the squatters by the farmers, supported by the closer settlement policy of the government, symbolizes the social basis of Robin's difficulty. "Salute to Freedom" is a solid, honest, revealing novel which, if the awkwardnesses of style and construction were eliminated, would be absolutely first-rate. As it stands, it ranks well up toward the top of any list of recent Australian novels.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

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Messrs. the Chief Justices

Our Eleven Chief Justices, by Kenneth Bernard Umbreit. New York: Harper and Brothers. 555 pages. $3.75.

ANYONE who believes that the filial school of history is quite dead should read this book. The Founding Fathers never had a more ardent champion against the impieties of later generations than the Supreme Court Chief Justices have found in Mr. Umbreit. The book is, not in form but in essence, a product of what Alsop and Kintner call "the 168 days"—one of those answers to the President's Court-packing plan that will be infesting the literature of the judiciary for some time to come. Mr. Umbreit says it with a garland of biographical vignettes; but what he says, in effect, is that given such high-minded gentlemen as the Chief Justices, the Court-packing scheme was scandalous.

What is paradoxical about the book is that it is a set of biographies to end the biographical approach. Mr. Umbreit is not neutral in the bloodless battle of the recent schools of legal philosophy; he does not like the realists, or the psychoanalysts, or the Marxians, and lumps and dismisses their views contemptuously as "the breakfast theory of jurisprudence." The impulse to write biography is an understandable one; it is human, concrete, dramatic. But the author has never reconciled this impulse with his distaste for the doctrine that the kind of man a judge is, and the kind of class environment he springs from, shape to any degree the kind of law he hands down. The result is that the book never comes to a focus. If you reject the environmental interpretation, what light do the lives of Taft, or Hughes, or Taney, or Marshall shed on their opinions and on the history of constitutional doctrine? And without such a focus, it is hard to evaluate the sketches. Since the author has given us no clue as to the relations between biography and doctrine, it is hard to know whether he is introducing enough of a man's life to explain his decisions, or enough of his decisions to illumine his life. The whole becomes casual, chatty, arbitrary.

Even thus, the book does not lack value. We are grateful to Mr. Umbreit for taking up a task that has not been performed for over half a century, since the last compilations of the lives of the Chief Justices appeared. We are grateful to him for drawing upon the monographic literature that has appeared in the interval, such as Monaghan's work on John Jay, Warren's and Corwin's on Marshall, Swisher's on Taney, and Frankfurter's on Waite. For those who like biography without any other organizing principle than the orthodox piety of the author and his preference for the *status quo*, this collection will not only be useful, but attractive as well.

In the minds of others, however, several questions will remain. The principal one strikes at Mr. Umbreit's basic idea that there is any important relationship between the men whom he discusses. True, they were all Chief Justices of the Supreme Court. But the accident of the chief justiceship is a curious thread on which to string a series of biographies. The first three of Mr. Umbreit's eleven subjects—Jay, Rutledge and Ellsworth—contributed almost nothing to the Court's development. And men like Fuller, Chase and White are scarcely to be reckoned judicial giants. A

Carr

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VITAMINS in Theory and Practice
by Leslie J. Harris, Sc.D., D.Sc.
Nutritional Laboratory, University of Cambridge and Medical Research Council.

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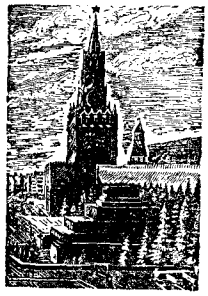

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to give any real perspective of the history of the Court, because in at least five instances the man's judicial tenure was only an incident in his life. It its also too narrow to give the history of the Court, since the formal head of the Court has rarely been its formative influence. There *is* a great tradition to be traced on the Court. It would include Marshall, Taney, Miller, Field, Waite, Moody, Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, and perhaps Hughes. But of these, only four have been Chief Justices.

Perhaps a book will eventually be done on the great tradition in American constitutional interpretation. With it American judicial history may come of age. Meanwhile, there is one thing to be said for a book like this one. It is written *con amore.* The author has swallowed the going preconceptions of his day just as surely and almost as naïvely as some of his subjects did.

MAX LERNER

Dahomey

Dahomey: An Ancient West African Kingdom, by Melville J. Herskovits. New York: J. J. Augustin. 2 vols., 807 pages, 51 plates. $12.

MOST AMERICANS believe that the Negroes were brought here naked and completely ignorant: the slaves are pictured vaguely as people with the innocent minds of little children. They were naked indeed—the slaving captains didn't let them wear even a breech clout for fear of its hiding vermin—but their minds were stocked with the complicated lore of their own country, its myths, music, religious rites, matriarchal customs and collective habits of labor. In many cases they were led by their own priests or princes, who retained their influence even as slaves among slaves. There is a great deal even in North American civilization, there is more in Brazil and the Caribbean, that can be definitely traced back to Africa.

This is the field of cultural relations that Melville J. Herskovits—with his wife, Frances Herskovits—has chosen for his life work. He has studied the archives in London, where they are richest; he has lived among Negroes not only in this country but also in Nigeria, Dahomey, Haiti and the Surinam bush. Out of his travels have come a whole series of discoveries, cultural and historical. Out of them also have come a series of books, in some cases written for laymen—like "Rebel Destiny" and "Life in a Haitian Valley"—and in others intended for scholars like himself.

His latest work, "Dahomey," belongs to the second group. It is an exhaustive study of the Negro kingdom—now a French colony—from which more slaves were taken than from anywhere else in Africa. But Dahomey is important for other reasons. It was the religious center of the Guinea Coast; it still inspires a half-fearful respect among Africans (and many of their descendants in the New World); on European travelers it has always exerted a horrified fascination. Beginning with the end of the seventeenth century, there is a whole library of books that deal with it. Dr. Herskovits has used and collated them all; but his best chapters are drawn from personal observation of Dahomean art, economics and religion. Here he was aided by a talent—I would almost say a genius—for approaching non-European peoples without strangeness or condescen-

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goes so far in this direction that he tends to gloss over the really horrible aspects of life in Dahomey. The custom once prevailed of decorating the king's palace with the heads of freshly sacrificed human victims, renewed every morning like cut flowers in a vase. Dr. Herskovits records it in a dozen words, then passes on to other topics that are doubtless of greater anthropological interest.

Most of the book is not too technical for the ordinary reader, once he gets used to the outlandish spelling of Dahomean names. For specialists in Africa and the Negro, it will be invaluable. Yet there are three words on the reverse of the title page that spoiled some of my pleasure in reading it: "Printed in Germany." I am not one of those who believe that we should sever all intellectual relations with the Nazis. Some day the intellectual unity of the world is going to be reëstablished, and until that time we ought to know what is happening in Germany; sound work is being done in spite of Dr. Goebbels. But that is no reason for printing our books there, even if they are non-commercial books that had to be subsidized by the Carnegie Corporation. Why should its money go to a regime that is trying to destroy all the ideals of interracial coöperation to which Dr. Herskovits has been devoting his life? MALCOLM COWLEY

New Books: A Reader's List

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF SAKI (Halcyon House, $1.49). A reprint of a book that keeps on selling. E. V. Lucas defined the perfect hostess as one who puts by the guest-room bed "a volume either of O. Henry or Saki or both." They belong together, though most of Saki's readers pay a higher income tax. A memoir by his sister, printed after these 375 stories, makes you realize that Saki never grew up emotionally. He was afraid of girls but quite fond of aunts and small animals and practical jokes, especially if they resulted in the deaths of disagreeable people. His tory opinions aren't in the least offensive, being those of a twelve-year-old schoolboy.

GENERAL MANPOWER, by John S. Martin (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). Time's potent National Affairs editor takes a potent broad-jump into the potent years 1945-59. In this fable, newsmagazinistic rather than Swiftian, a potent physical cultist organizes a "plant" for turning ordinary gees into supertarzans, who are farmed out to break strikes, fell forests and act as mercenaries. Holland and Britain hire an army to clean the Reds out of the Indies; that job done, the army, under a turncoat general, mutinies against the Leader, sails for and takes Frisco; the loyal sons of General Manpower go after the disloyal, and the two forces destroy each other.

WOMEN AND THE REVOLUTION, by Ethel Mannin (Dutton, $3). The meaning of social revolution and its importance for women, with examples chosen from France, Russia (which the author deplores), China, Spain and other countries where society has been overturned. A grand subject but a feeble book.

THE PHILIPPINES, by William H. Anderson (Putnam's, $3). A confused and disorganized "analysis" of the complex relations between the United States and the Philippines, by a successful business man long resident in the islands. Special pleading for his own interests and those of his class

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AMERICA BEGINS AGAIN, by Katherine Glover (Whittlesey House, $2.75). A survey of the waste and conservation of America's natural resources. The chapters on problems of soil, water, forest, minerals, wild life and power conservation; the sections dealing with the TVA and the Columbia River Basin projects, are particularly useful as factual summaries. Miss Glover approves the work of such federal agencies as CCC, TVA, etc., but shies away from controversy.

RATS IN THE LARDER, by Joachim Joesten (Putnam's, $2.50). Nazi penetration into Denmark, the "larder" of Europe. While Hitler reduces the country to vassalage and prepares to occupy it on the outbreak of war, its liberal-Socialist government remains supine.

THE YEARBOOK OF SWING, by Paul Eduard Miller (*Down Beat Publishing Company*, $2). A few pages on the history of jazz, thumbnail biographies of the outstanding jazz instrumentalists, a "vocabulary of swing terms" and a list of records, some old, some new, to serve as the nucleus of a representative jazz library.

BEER FOR THE KITTEN, by Hester Pine (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). A pretty entertaining first novel, about faculty life from September to June at a small Eastern college. Miss Pine is out to show that some professors and their wives are pleasant people, gay, amorous, slangy and given to hard yellow liquor.

THE STORY OF A LAKE, by Negley Farson (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). An overseas correspondent and his women (three of them) are the main figures, the novel rattling through a couple of decades, many places, some Big Doings. The o.c. is a pretty decent guy whose conscience raises hell with his inner life. He comes home to the U. S. during the first Roosevelt administration, writes pieces sympathetic to the workers and farmers, is tagged a "radical," loses his job and cracks up. There is a happy ending in the backwoods of British Columbia.

TROUBLED STAR, by John August (Little, Brown, $2). Politics in higher education. A senatorial aspirant goes gunning for the scalp of a Midwestern university president, and the president's daughter gets involved in a scandal that is almost made to order for his purposes. A campus story with more of the true than the good and the beautiful: credibly complex people, spontaneous dialogue, and some parallel to the Glenn Frank incident at Wisconsin.

LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S DOG, by George Stevens (Lippincott, $1). The editor of The Saturday Review of Literature discusses best sellers and what, besides the author, makes them. Time of publication, amount and timing of advertising, word-of-mouth, Woollcott and other phenomena considered in relation to specific books. An intelligent footnote to publishing.

THE OLD CENTURY AND SEVEN MORE YEARS, by Siegfried Sassoon (Viking, $2.75). A rich boy's life on an English estate and in public school—and what a grand life it seems, as Mr. Sassoon looks back at himself nostalgically!

Contributors

LEO HUBERMAN, author of "We, The People," "Man's Worldly Goods" and "The Labor Spy Racket," is in the Social Science Department at New College, Columbia University.

BRUCE ALLEN is the pseudonym of an American, educated in America, who has lived for the greater part of his life in England. He has returned to this country, where he writes on foreign affairs.

DAVID DAICHES is a young English critic now teaching at the University of Chicago. He is the author of three works of criticism, the most recent being "Literature and Society," and he has just completed a fourth work, a study of the modern English novel, which is due for publication shortly.

EDMUND WILSON's most recent book, "The Triple Thinkers," was published last spring by Harcourt, Brace. He is at work on a study of socialist theory and practice called "To the Finland Station," sections of which have been printed in The New Republic.

HAMILTON BASSO is the author of three novels about the South, the most recent of which was "Courthouse Square." He is now living in Beaufort, South Carolina.

JOSEPHINE HERBST, the author of "Pity Is Not Enough," "The Executioner Waits" and "Rope of Gold" (just published), is on a trip to the countries immediately south of us. Her last letter was dated from Lima.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN recently returned from two years in Australia on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation.

MAX LERNER teaches at Williams College. His new book, "It Is Later Than You Think," was published in November by the Viking Press.

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